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McKean County Miner.

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NORWICH TOWNSHIP SENSATION

One Man is in Jail and Another Under Bail

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF LINDA

Goodall, a 13-year-old Girl—William Brewer Arrested on Two Charges.

Torrence M. Mattison was arrested and brought before Justice R. L. Knapp on Monday on a charge of attempted assault on Linda Goodall, a 13-year-old girl. The interested persons are residents of Norwich township. Mattison was given a hearing and placed under $300 bail for his appearance at court. Bail was furnished.

This affair appears to have started further trouble. Mrs. Goodall and her daughter are staying at the home of Wm. Brewer in Norwich township and on Tuesday night John Goodall, of Roulette, the father of the girl, came to the house. The evening events brought the participants before Justice Chas. Phalan of Crosby. As near as can be learned Goodall and Brewer became involved in a discussion and adjourned to the barn, where, it is alleged, Brewer attacked Goodall with a hatchet.

During the fracas Brewer in some way injured his hand and after the trouble started for Smethport, ostensibly to have his injured hand attended to. Goodall procured a warrant charging Brewer with assault and battery and Atwood Putnam of Crosby was deputized to serve it. The officer secured his man before he reached Smethport and took him back to Crosby.

Brewer gave no account of the affair and was held for court under $300 bail.

Brewer's wife then made a charge of adultery against him, alleging that he was criminally intimate with the young girl, Linda Goodall, who is Mrs. Brewer's half-sister. It is also learned that the wife testified that she was living in fear of her life.

Brewer's bail was fixed at $1,500 in this case, making a total of $1,800. Constable Timmerman brought him to Smethport and as he could not secure bail he was lodged in jail.

Goodall's injuries are not serious and the injury to Brewer's hand is slight.

Murder at Johnsonburg.

A Johnsonburg special to the Bradford Era says: An Italian murder occurred here Sunday afternoon, Joseph Germanno, an alleged leader of the "Black Hand," shooting Dominick Pilat, who died in about half an hour after the occurrence. Germanno was arrested and is now in jail at Ridgway to answer to the charge of murder at the next term of court.

The murdered man was from Hazelhurst and came to Johnsonburg to spend Sunday with his sister. The witnesses of the affair displayed the usual reticence common to the race about giving any information, but were finally persuaded by the coroner and the sheriff to name the man who did the shooting, and as a consequence are now under the protection of the sheriff of the county to protect them from bodily injury.

The Editor is Sick.

The editor of the MINER has been confined to his home by illness during the past week, and as a result various matters connected with the paper and job department could not be given the attention they would have received under ordinary circumstances. Although the force is somewhat rushed at present MINER patrons are assured that all work will be properly handled from now on and if you have not received the attention you think you deserve this week, it is hoped this explanation will be satisfactory.

Killed by the Engine.

A man, whose name the MINER could not learn, was struck by a Shawmut train near Friendship Saturday night and instantly killed.

The man was evidently intoxicated and was seen by the fireman as he was walking along the side of the track. When the engine was a few feet away he stepped upon the track and was gazing straight at the fireman when the pilot struck him. His body was badly mangled and nearly severed in halves.

The train was a special carrying officials of the P., S. & N. to St. Marys

McKean Bros. Sell Property.

Tuesday W. C. Cleveland and C. R. Gallup purchased the oil and gas well's and equipments of McKean Bros. at Ormsby and McKeans siding on the B. B. & K. Ry. This is a very desirable piece of oil property and the new firm are to be congratulated on being able to secure them at the price they did.—Mt. Jewett News.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Death of Mrs. Delia Wilson.

Died at the Kane hospital Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, March 3, 1906, Mrs. Delia Wilson, wife of Walter Wilson. Death was due to cancer of the brain and peritonitis.

Delia was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McCarty and had passed her life in Smethport and vicinity. She was born August 30, 1884. About five years ago she was united in marriage with Walter Wilson, who with two sons, Paul, aged 3 years, and Robert, aged 2 years, survive her.

Mrs. Wilson was a lovable young woman and had many friends in this vicinity, who sadly regret her demise.

At the time she was taken sick the family were residents of Hazelhurst. She was taken to the Kane hospital, where everything that medical science could suggest was tried in her behalf, but without avail.

The death of this young mother seems a deplorable blow to the many who loved and respected her. Two little boys are deprived of the best friend of all. Husband, parents, brothers and sisters are overwhelmed with their loss. It is in such extremities that we must remember there is One who "doeth all things well," and trust to His loving kindness to heal this breach, occasioned by the death of this estimable woman, in the lives of those who loved her.

Mrs. Wilson was a member of St. Luke's church and the funeral was held at that edifice Tuesday forenoon, the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating. Burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

Death of John Schiler.

John Schiler died at his home in Clermont, Thursday, March 1, 1906. His remains were brought to Smethport for burial Saturday.

Big, hearty "Jack" Schiler was well known and well liked by many people in this part of the country. He was a type of the true woodsman, which seems to disappear from a locality with the forests. The passing of the hemlock in this county took from Jack's occupation—teamster—much of its charm and danger, but he continued his trade along other lines for several years.

The art of driving horses on timber jobs is not properly appreciated by the world, but nevertheless it is a calling that demands from its followers more daring, sound judgment and bravery than is necessary in the makeup of a soldier. The fact that John Schiler was a skillful exponent of his art will be recalled by his friends as a tribute to his memory.

Perhaps Jack had some faults—so has every "red-blooded" man, but he certainly possessed the virtues of kindness, generousity and good nature. May he rest in peace.

Pine Lumber is Passing.

"White pine lumber is to-day selling for five times more than it did in 1865, and unless the timber men plant trees, as the government advises, there will soon be no lumber of that kind at all," said an experienced lumberman the other day. He continued: "In 1865 white pine lumber was sold at from $1.25 to $3 a thousand feet; in 1906 it is selling at from $15 to $25 a thousand feet, according to the grade. And at that price it is mighty hard to get.

"In regard to hemlock lumber, the situation is almost the same as regards the supply that can be had to-day. There is a good lot of this timber in the country, much of it in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and the South. But it is being bought up rapidly for speculation by men who can afford to have their money tied up for several years. They are simply waiting for their price, and they are going to come out handsomely, on the deal, too."

Business Changes.

H. H. Redfield has purchased the hardware store of Holmes & Gilfillan and will move his own stock to the big double store in the Hamilton block. Holmes & Gilfillan's store is closed at present to take inventory and when that task is completed the store will be reopened under the new ownership.

Holmes & Gilfillan have also disposed of their horse shoeing and wagon making department to John Vaublad, and it is understood, the above firm will devote its entire attention to the lumber business and the manufacture of Backus automatic pin setters. Their new saw mill, which will greatly facilitate the operation of those branches, is nearing completion.

Hats Off, Ladies.

At the request of the men of his congregation, who not only want to hear but see the preacher as well, Rev. Warren H. Wilson, pastor of the Arlington avenue Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, has requested that the women in the congregation remove their hats before the service begins.

"I know that in His epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul declares against women going to prayer uncovered," Mr. Wilson said last night, "but it is not always possible to run a modern church along the lines laid down by St. Paul."

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Actress Has Narrow Escape.

A dispatch from Paterson, N. J., of the date of March 3, says:

Blown from the mouth of a stage cannon, her auburn hair a mass of flames, Marguerite Fields, a member of the Kirk Brown company, playing at the Paterson opera house, nearly met her death.

The woman had been tied to the mouth of a cannon in keeping with the plot of the drama, and the hero had rushed forward to rescue her.

Behind the scenes William Tennyson, another member of the company, was stationed for the purpose of pulling the string which fires the shot. He had been married at noon. Being somewhat agitated as a result he took the wrong one and pulled the string too soon, with nearly fatal results to Miss Fields.

While the members of the company were engaged in putting out the flames and caring for the young actress, the audience, thinking this was a part of the play, applauded to the echo.

Miss Fields will be remembered as having appeared with Kirk Brown in "Shannon of the Sixth" at the Smethport Lyceum some few weeks ago. The cannon scene was very realistic although it is not thought that the shot was fired from the cannon in the production at this place.

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by Smethport Tent No. 8, K. O. T. M., as follows:

Whereas it has pleased the Supreme Commander of the universe, in His all wise providence, to remove from our ranks our beloved and honored Sir Knight, John McKeirnan, to the supreme tent above, where there is no more death therefore, be it

Resolved, that while we mourn the loss of our brother and his presence will be missed at our reviews, we wish to cherish the memory of his friendship and social relations, and also, rejoice in the hope that he now rests in the supreme tent above, and as a slight token of the loss that we, as well as the loved ones left behind, have sustained, we herewith tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family of the deceased brother and commend them for sympathy to Him who watches over the widow and the orphan and "doeth all things well." And be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother and also engrossed upon the minutes of this Tent and a copy be published in the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER and the McKean Democrat.

F. R. FOSTER,
A. H. KIDDER,
W. G. HOLDER,
Committee.

C, L. S. C. Program.

March 12. Roll call. Reports on Famous Chinese Missionaries. Southern Parts, Miss Day: The Coast Provinces, Miss Musser. American Interests in China, Mrs. Musser.

March 19. Roll call. Origin and Growth of Lyric Poetry. Greek Literature, chap. V, Miss Mabel Day. Greek Art, chap. IV, Miss Biever. Chinese Gordon, Miss Rubin.

March 26. Roll call. Current Events. Greek Literature, chap. VI, Mrs. Bisgit. Greek Art, chap. V, Miss Day. Marco Polo and his Travels, Miss Musser.

April 2. Roll call. Your Favorite Quotation. Greek Literature, chap. VII, Miss Rubin. Greek Art, chap. VI, Miss Biever. Classic Myths in Modern Art, Mrs. Richmond.

Terrible Death of Driller.

A Richburg, N. Y., correspondent to the MINER says:

John Wakeman, a contractor and driller, was instantly killed while at work on a well on Phillips Hill last Friday morning. In some unknown way Mr. Wakeman was caught and wound in the cable on the shaft of the bull wheels. His head was severed from the body. The tool dresser was giving his attention to the engine and could not tell how the accident happened. Wakeman leaves a wife and two young children. The funeral took place from the M. E. church in Bolivar Monday.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 24, 1906:

Beck William, Mrs. Anna C. Daley (3), C. N. Parker, Charles Petty, Geo. B. Ray, Miss Nellie Rees, John Sticker, Mrs. May Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

A Card.

To Whom it May Concern:

The Smethport Hose Company, at their regular meeting held March 2, 1906, extend to all those who so generously contributed to the success of the first annual banquet of Smethport Hose Company a unanimous vote of thanks.

S. E. BELL, Pres.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE, Sec'y.

BREWSTER HANGED AT COUDERSPORT.

The Murderer of Marshall Stryker Pays the Penalty.

EXECUTION WAS SUCCESSFUL.

Scaffold Similar to One Upon which Ralph Crossmire was Executed 12 years ago.

Charles Brewster, the murderer of his step-father, Marshall Stryker, was hanged at Coudersport Tuesday morning.

The execution took place in the yard on the east side of the jail, and went off without any trouble of any kind, and inside of one hour after he had left his cell, the body of the young man had been claimed by relatives and turned over to an undertaker to be prepared for burial. A scaffold similar to that used in the execution of Ralph Crossmire in Smethport about 12 years ago, was used in this case. A weight of 225 pounds was released by cutting a rope, the weight jerking the prisoner from the ground into the air. Brewster's weight was 140 pounds. He was the first person to be deprived of his life as a legal punishment for a crime in Potter county since 1832.

There were about 40 persons present at the execution, the witnesses including the jury which sat at his trial, a number of doctors and representatives of the press.

The details of the execution had been arranged carefully, and within one and one-half minutes after the condemned man had left his cell in company with Sheriff Stevens, the drop had been sprung and his soul launched into eternity. Brewster ascended the scaffold with no evidence of emotion. The drop fell at 10:15 a. m.

One report says that the neck was instantly broken and the man was pronounced dead after four minutes had expired, while another account is that he died of strangulation, but there was little evidence of suffering and the physicians in attendance declare he suffered little, if any. Fifty-eight minutes after the drop was sprung the body was cut down.

Sheriff William A. Stevens had charge of the execution and his act caused the drop to fall which ended the career of a heartless murderer and a good-for-nothing citizen.

No relatives nor clergymen were present. A week ago Brewster was baptised and he has since declared that he felt he was saved, religiously.

His body will be buried by the side of his grandfather in Knickerbocker cemetery, in that county.

On May 17, of last year, Marshall Stryker was out in a field. He was kneeling, picking up ears of corn which he sorted into heaps. Charles Brewster came up behind him, and pointing a shot gun at Stryker's head asked the kneeling man if he had anything to say. Stryker raised his head and turned it partly around, and as he did so Brewster pulled the trigger of the shot gun, and shot away a portion of Stryker's jaw and throat. He lived six days in horrible agony. There was no cause for the crime, other than that Brewster had been on a debauch.

Criminal Court Conclusions.

The case against Samuel Manno, charged with criminal assault, occupied the attention of the court Thursday and Friday. The evidence in this case showed a startling degree of depravity on the part of principals and some of the witnesses. The jury found Manno guilty of fornication and he was fined $50 and costs.

Dominic Mourri, for threatening to commit murder, was ordered to give bail to keep the peace, the amount of the bond being $300.

Minnie Delaney, who is from Bradford and elsewhere, was sentenced to two and one-half years in the western penitentiary for larceny. Her husband, Parrick Delaney, was sentenced to the same penal institution for a period of five years—two years for forgery and three for larceny.

Frank White, for forgery, was given a jail sentence of 11 months.

May Be Heir to Millions.

The government of Holland is searching for the rightful heirs to a sum of money estimated at about $35,000,000. Many years ago a man loaned a sum of money to the King of Holland, when the country was in desperate need. The government is now willing to pay that money to the heirs. It is stated that S. D. Metzgar of this place is one of the direct descendants of the man who made the original loan and if possible to prove his claim may receive a share of the millions.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at this office.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

After a severe illness of several months, during most of which time he had been confined to the house, death came to the relief of W. A. Williams, Esq., a prominent lawyer and one who has lived in Smethport longer than any other resident of the place. He had been indisposed for some years but not until this fall was he compelled to give up and seek his bed.

The deceased was born at Franklin, Delaware county, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1817, and came to Smethport in 1832 at the age of five years. His early years were spent on his father's farm now owned by John W Brennan. Afterward he read law with O. J. Hamlin, and was admitted to practice in May, 1839, and continued to practice with good success until within five or six years past. He did not cease his legal work, however, until after he had gained a competence. He was a safe counsellor, an eloquent pleader and very highly respected for his great professional ability. Politically he was a Democrat in the early part of his life. We are told that in 1848 he attended a Free Soil convention at Buffalo and espoused their cause. When the Republican party was formed in 1856 he was the first and only member in this county. He worked from house to house and from school house to school house that year and as a result of his labors the county was carried by the Republicans. He continued to act with the Republican party up to 18—, when he took the stump for Horace Greeley.

Mr. Williams held several important offices during his life. He was once district attorney and held that position when Uzza Robbins was tried and hanged for murder in 1850. The deceased was afterward elected county treasurer, both of which offices he filled faithfully and well. In 1872 he was a candidate for Additional Law Judge, his opponent being Hon. S. F. Wilson. The district was strongly Republican and Mr. Williams was defeated.

The deceased was 61 years old last January. Two sisters and two daughters are the only ones remaining of his immediate family. The deceased was a kind hearted and honorable man, whose integrity was never called in question. His great regard for his personal honor is known to all, few persons possessing this principle in so marked a degree. By his death Smethport loses a bright star in her intellectual firmament, and a lawyer who was an ornament to his profession. Nov. 25, 1881.

On Monday morning, Dec. 19, 1881, at the residence of C. S. King, Mr. Geo. King and Miss Clara E. Haner were united in marriage by Rev. E. P. Hubbell. The happy couple left on the noon train for Elmira and other points to visit friends. Upon their return they will take up their residence on Howard Hill where Mr. King has associated himself with Warley Gifford in the mercantile business. George remembered the printers in a substantial way, and we extend to him and his bride undivided happiness and prosperity for all time to come.

All persons who have had business at our court house will miss T. L. Chapin, who has for many years officiated as tipstaff. His demise was very sudden. He attended to his duties at the last court and was apparently enjoying good health; however, the court had hardly adjourned before it was learned that he was dead, heart disease being the cause. Mr. Chapin was born in Chenango county, N. Y., in 1823, but came to this State with his parents in 1833. Growing up to manhood in Keating township he was universally known and his death will be regretted by all. He filled whatever office he was called to with credit to himself and to the benefit of others. A loving husband and kind father, his decease will leave a void that cannot be filled in a family which no doubt looked forward to a happier Christmas than events allowed. He was universally liked and the bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community. The funeral services took place at the court house Tuesday, December 27, 1881, Rev. Brunning of Bradford officiating. The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

On Friday last this community was startled by a telegam from Washington, announcing the death of H. V. Redfield, which occurred at his residence in that city on Thursday evening. Mr. Redfield for four years was at the head of the Cincinnati Commercial's bureau of correspondence at Washington, and has been connected with it for twelve or fifteen years. Last June Mr. Redfield was summoned to Smethport by the serious illness of his brother-in-law, Delano R. Hamlin, and while watching at the bedside of the latter one night was taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs which completely prostrated him for some time.

(Concluded in next issue.)

WANTED—An elderly lady to keep house for old gentleman, work very easy, a good home for the right person Address Lock Box 68, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3, 1906.

Almost to a certainty, the Philippines will have to wait another session for tariff legislation which the Secretary of War and the Bureau of Insular Affairs have declared absolutely necessary for their commercial development. The Payne Tariff Bill has been killed in committee in the Senate, and while it is a possibility that it may be called up by the chairman on resolutions on the floor, this course is not considered likely. The vote in the committee is said to have been six to seven. What show the bill would have should it get before the Senate is questionable. It passed the House by an almost unanimous vote, but there was foreboding then that something would happen to it in the Senate, and it is possible that the opponents of the joint statehood bill will take heart from this defeat of the tariff measure as indicating that their friends have "delivered the goods" on the tariff question and the combination will work equally well on the statehood proposition. If the action of the Senate committee also means the death of the Joint Statehood Bill, many people will think the discomfiture of the Islanders was a cheap price to pay for it. The Statehood Bill has been politics and small politics at that, from the start. There would be many dry eyes over the demise of the measure. As to the Payne Bill, it may be well to recall that it provided for free trade with the Islands except in the case of tobacco, rice and sugar. These were to be admitted at 25 per cent of the Dingley rates whereas they now pay 75 per cent. It was claimed by the opponents of the measure that its passage would mean immediate and immense development of the three crops named with the result of killing these industries in the United States. Consequently the bill has been fought bitterly by the sugar, tobacco and rice interests, which are all very powerful. Whether the forebodings they expressed were well founded, will remain a mystery for some time to come, but the officials who had studied the problem on the ground declared such fears unfounded and said that the passage of the bill would merely mean a general impetus to trade between this country and the archipelago and would never flood the United States with cheap sugar, rice and tobacco.

Senator Dolliver has come out strongly for the unamended Hepburn rate bill in the Senate, despite the fact that Senator Tillman is in charge of the measure. The whole rate situation is so beautifully and hopelessly mixed that it is hard to say what the result will be when the smoke of oratory clears away. But it looks as though the question of judicial review would be tacked on to the bill and there might be a couple of other comparatively unimportant amendments. President Roosevelt has expressed himself as satisfied with the amendments proposed, and if he is not nobody thinks he will hesitate much at confiding his views to the Senate. He claims now as heretofore that all he wants is action, and he will not stand out on either verbiage or political effect. He was much interested in the fate of the Payne Bill and said frankly that it ought to pass. But if there is any really vicious tampering with the rate bill, the White House may be relied on to make itself actively unpleasant. And just how unpleasant it can be on occasion, the present Congress has not run the risk of finding out.

If you really want to defeat the live stock transportation bill that is about ready to be reported from the House committee, take a suggestion. Do not waste time in writing to your Congressman. The chances are that the letter will go into the waste basket with nine-tenths of the other mail that his secretary opens and he never sees. Rather go to the lieutenants who are looking after his "fences" in your own district and impress on them that unpleasant things will happen if he does not line up on the side of humanity when the bill comes to a vote on the floor of the House. The bill in question, which is being strongly fought by the Humane Society and rightly so, will allow the transportation of live stock on the railroads for thirty-six hours without food or water. The Secretary of Agriculture, who comes from a cattle state and should know better, has been won over by the live stock shippers and says he is convinced the cattle will suffer less on the longer run than through being hustled in and out of the cars to be watered and fed every twenty-eight hours or less. Twenty-eight hours is the limit of starvation now allowed by law, but the cattle men want it extended while the Humane Society wants either to have it shortened or at least to let it remain stationary. It looks now as though the bill to prolong the sufferings of the cattle would be favorably reported, and the only way to kill it will be on the floor of the House. Congressmen enough will be found to kill it if they are properly impressed. And the way to impress them is by bringing persistent influence to bear on the men who look after their fences at home. That is the way a voter can most readily make his influence really felt.

A Patroness of Genius

By HOWARD FIELDING

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MRS. CULVER is a widow, young and fair and very rich. Her ways have been ways of pleasantness throughout the whole span of her years, and she is today the happiest creature that exists under the blue arch of heaven. Even a telling analysis of the profit with which she is adjudged may be counted as a blessing, not only to herself, but to her physician and to the world. It spices her life with a delightful thought wholly imaginary, since she is culpable of a delicious melancholy and feeds the works of the gentle philosophers with a profit and joy which might otherwise be denied to her. And besides she takes a lively pleasure in changing her will about once in three months, with the help of my legal advice. Upon such occasions the contemplation of her various properties gives her a childish gratification wholly unmercenary, a liberal fee is mine, and when I meet her doctor we never fail to shake hands upon the excellent state of Mrs. Culver's health and upon the cheering prospect that her generosity may still be an amelioration of our lives in this hard world years hence when we are old.

Mrs. Culver is a discoverer of genius, chiefly in the fields of music and poetry, and has helped many worthy young persons, with only a moderate sprinkling of mere schemers and spongers. Every new object of her favor inspires her with a fresh desire to attack the impossible problem of establishing a permanent charity for the needy children of Apollo, and only about twice of course I have squandered millions for her in this way. A natural delicacy restrains her from immediate benefactions of any great magnitude, and so she adds a codicil to her voluminous will and nearly always revises her general scheme of charity at the same time.

Upon a certain day I had an appointment to call upon Mrs. Culver at 3 in the afternoon, and I looked forward to the usual agreeable interview.

When I entered her house I was aware of her in very good music, as I am compelled to admit. Someone was playing upon the piano in the smaller drawing room, upon my right. I guessed at once that the performer must be a young lady named Miss Kronold, whose genius had recently been brought to Mrs. Culver's attention.

The butler informed Mrs. Culver of my presence and she came to the reception room, where we exchanged a few words. I learned that she had encountered Mr. Kronold in one of the big stores and had brought him home in her carriage. If I cared to hear him play she would take me into the drawing room, but if time pressed with me she would dismiss him and go over the matter to me alone.

Meanwhile the talented Dane continued to discourse most excellent music, and although my conversation with Mrs. Culver occupied more minutes than the brief summary of it might seem to indicate, Mr. Kronold did not cease to play. The sound was always in my ears, although not constantly attended, yet I am sure that if it had been interrupted beyond the natural small pauses of the musical score I should instantly have been aware of the fact and should not have failed to remember it afterward.

I have said, however, that I did not give a steady hearing to the sweet strains that were wafted across to us. The reason was twofold: first, I preferred the voice of my hostess to any other music, and, second, I had observed something which, though it had no especial significance at the moment, excited my curiosity and tended to deflect my attention. Behind Mrs. Culver there was a mirror, and it gave me a view of the part of the hall and of the entrance of the room where Mr. Kronold was. A heavy curtain was hung across that door. I saw the butler—a lean, dark, anxious man, whose name is Derby—draw the curtain aside and enter. I saw him presently emerge, and it seemed to me that his demeanor was not ordinary. It was furtive, tense and nervously indecisive.

There was a chair in a corner of the hall, and he sat down in it and got up again in an unnatural way, as if his action had been part of a mild nightmare. I saw his right hand hovering around the breast pocket of his coat, and I knew that that pocket held unusual contents. Finally he glanced toward the door of the reception room, caught a glimpse, I suppose, of my observing eyes in the mirror, and immediately his distress increased.

"By all means," said I in response to a renewed suggestion by my hostess, "I should be very much pleased to meet Mr. Kronold."

Upon this we crossed to the drawing room, the butler holding the curtain for our convenience and entering after us in response to a sign from his mistress, who doubtless required some small service of him, though what it was she could not remember, for the excitement of the next few minutes obliterated the matter from her mind.

Mr. Kronold seemed oblivious of our coming. His back was toward us; his eyes were bent upon the score, for it appeared that he was playing some piece new to his repertory, a purchase or first offering. The circumstance is recorded for the fact that he was reading his part instead of relying upon memory. I remember having heard these details in the latter way mentioned by Mrs. Culver and I were talking in the reception room.

I think that Mrs. Culver was about to make a gesture or to say something that we should wait in silence for the conclusion of the piece, but a sudden shock of surprise arrested her. Following the direction of her glance, I saw a plain table, which stood in the center of the room, seemingly an article of furniture, and now littered with a great number of illustrated engravings, upon the midst of which there lay a lady's hand bag. The mouth of the bag was open and gaped at us pathetically like a dying fish.

"Where is my money?" said Mrs. Culver in a strained and whispering tone, and I could have fancied that she addressed the question to the empty bag and that the inanimate creature's own mouth replied in the popular phrase of the day, "You can search me."

The gifted Kronold wheeled about upon the piano stool and sprang to his feet.

"Why, Mrs. Culver," he cried, "sure-ly it is not possible—"

I interrupted him by saying politely aside to Derby, the butler, who was about to withdraw from the scene:

"Do not go," said I, and then to Mrs. Culver: "Pardon me, I think it is important that Derby should remain. I saw him enter this room and leave it, and since then he has not been out of my sight. So if anything is missing he has a perfect opportunity to prove his innocence immediately. In justice to him I could not see him lose this chance by absenting himself at this juncture."

Derby's distress was extreme and quite natural. In my mind there was no doubt at all that the missing money was in the man's breast pocket.

"What was the sum?" I asked Mrs. Culver.

"And in what form was it?"

"Five $1,000," she replied.

"Were they $1,000 bills?" and she nodded her head, wonderfully recovered from her first shock and taken with a certain pride in my cleverness.

"Since you carried so much money in your bag," said I, "it was a risk."

"And yet this is not an ordinary bag," said she, and, taking it from the table, she opened it and gave it to me. "Let me see you open it."

I was able to do so, for there was a secret spring most ingeniously devised.

"This is the way," said she, taking it from me, and in a moment she had replaced it upon the table open.

"Are you sure the money was there when you left this room?" I asked.

"Positive," she answered. "And, besides, the bag was closed. Somebody must have opened it."

"Yes," said Kronold. "I distinctly remember that it lay upon the table, closed, when I sat down to the piano a few moments ago."

"I don't remember where I put it," said Mrs. Culver, "but," she added, with decision, "I know that it was shut."

"It lay like this," said Kronold, and he put the bag upon a corner of the table, not in the middle, as it had lain when my attention was first drawn to it. "And now," he continued, "there have been only two persons in this room, myself and this servant. In this matter I will claim no advantage over First His honor may be as precious to him as mine is to me. So this is what I am to do," and he proceeded to empty his pockets.

"But you were at the piano all the time," protested Mrs. Culver. "Aside from the absurdity of the idea that you would do such a thing, you really couldn't, you know."

She turned to me for confirmation, and I had no choice but to support the argument. It was a perfect certainty that Kronold had played continuously for some time preceding Mrs. Culver's leaving the room. Nevertheless I yielded to the musician's plea and helped him search himself. He did not have the money.

Then Derby stepped forward, his hand in his breast pocket, and, with most moving evidences of shame and contrition, he produced a letter addressed to Mrs. Culver and bearing the return stamp of a well known employment agency. He had given her the letter when she came in with Kronold and had seen her put it upon the table in the drawing room. Some days before he had incurred the lady's displeasure, and he feared this communication dealt with the question of his successor, so he had so far debased himself at the behest of natural curiosity as to go in and get the letter, intending to read it in the hall and return it to its place before Mrs. Culver should miss it.

"But I didn't take the money," he declared, with tears in his eyes.

And, if he had taken it, what in the name of all mystery had he done with it? He could not have hidden it in the hall, because my eyes were on him, and he had been nowhere else except in the drawing room itself, and there not more than one minute, as I could testify. Moreover, if Mrs. Culver had left the bag closed, how could Derby have known that the money was in it?

Kronold knew, for Mrs. Culver had told him, but the lady had opened the bag after entering the room and had seen the money in it. Therefore if

"WHERE IS KRONOLD?" I DEMANDED.

Kronold had taken it it must still be in the room. But the bag was at least fifteen feet distant from the piano and my own ears bore witness that Kronold had played all the time that he was alone.

Mrs. Culver evidently believed that Derby had hidden the money in the room, and she began a search. Derby meanwhile was leaning against the wall, a figure of wood. Kronold took me aside. He had the bag in his hands, and he covertly showed me a small moist stain upon it.

"That looks to me like blood," said he. "Do you observe that Derby has a scratch across two of his fingers?"

"Yes," I answered, "but it doesn't seem to be bleeding."

"I saw him wiping it with his handkerchief," said he. "Now, if this stain is blood that shows that the fellow is lying, for he said that he did not touch the bag. It's only a step to the children's hospitals, and one of the doctors over there could tell me in a jiffy whether it's blood or not. Then we'd have Derby in a noose."

At this instant Mrs. Culver in her search approached the piano, and I saw a shade of uncomfortable nervous terror sweep over Kronold's face. A great illumination dawned upon my mind—the money was in the piano! Mrs. Culver had not remembered just where she had put down the bag. She must have put it on the piano and not on the table. Kronold had opened it with one hand, while pounding the keys with the other, had taken out the money and then had cleverly tossed the bag to the table.

I may as well say at once that my deductions except as to the hiding place of the money were absolutely accurate. That is precisely the way in which the robbery was committed. Subsequent investigations proved Kronold to be a beast of prey, with a long record on the other side of the Atlantic. He was, besides, as clever as a conjurer and one to whom the tricks of the bag's lock was simple as A B C.

At that moment I had all inspiration to save Mrs. Culver a shock. A painful scene was inevitable, but it would better involve no one except the thief and myself.

"Mr. Kronold has made a brilliant suggestion," said I, addressing the lady. "It will necessitate our going out together for a few minutes. May I ask you to remain in this room, keep Derby here and admit no one else?"

Mrs. Culver assented without question, and Kronold and I left the room. The musician seemed glad of my company, and as I stepped out from Mrs. Culver's portal into the glare of the western sun my mind was busy with the riddle of the man's demeanor. The next instant I was alone. The heavy door was shut, and Kronold was upon the other side of it.

It may have been ten seconds before I had the wit to use my knuckles and the lock. Derby admitted me, wondering.

"Where is Kronold?" I demanded.

The butler stared and stammered.

"I—I supposed he went out with you, sir."

This, however, was a grievous error. Mr. Kronold went out of that house by way of a basement door and thence to the street at the rear.

And now I come to the richest part of the joke—the money went with him. It had been in his pocket up to the moment when he stood by the table showing how the bag had lain. Then the clever rascal put it into the bag and snapped the lock and immediately entered upon the farce of the search of his own garments. The plunder was hidden in the very receptacle from which it had been stolen, and the thief so carried it from the scene of his remarkable crime. The stain upon the bag he made with his own wetted finger. These facts he confessed when he was caught upon an ocean steamer at the moment of her sailing on the following day.

Homely Voltaire.

Voltaire was the ugliest man of his age. Emaciated to a skeleton, all the features of his countenance were exaggerated. His nose and chin nearly met from the lack of teeth; his cheeks were sunken and wrinkled, his eyes set so far back in his head and so obscured by shaggy, overhanging brows as to be almost invisible. He usually wore a large wig, from the midst of which his attenuated features peeped out with comical effect. For years before he died his weight did not exceed ninety pounds.

Nothing More to Do.

Hubby—I don't see why you shouldn't exert yourself to make me happy, Wifey—Why, of all things! You know you told me when I accepted you that I had made you the happiest man on earth. What is the use of my trying to improve on that?

Different.

"She told me in confidence that the way he makes love is absurd."

"Yes, but the way he makes money isn't."—Puck.

A PEEP AT HOLLAND

MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

The Derivation of the Name of the Low Lying Country—A Universal Antagonism to Dirt and Filth—Love of Money the Ruling Passion.

"That which more than anything else arrests the attention of a foreigner visiting Holland for the first time," says a traveler who has recently returned from a tour of Europe and who records his impressions of Holland and its inhabitants in a New York paper, "is the fact that a large portion of the country is from eight to twenty feet below the high water mark at Amsterdam. Indeed its name, 'Holland,' or 'Hollow-land,' is derived from its peculiar topographical configuration. But for the expenditure of vast sums of money and unceasing watchfulness and tireless industry in maintaining the barriers against the encroachments of the sea much of the country would be submerged. Nearly $70,000,000 has been expended in constructing the 1,800 miles of defensive dikes, which seem to say to the waves, as did King Canute, 'Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther.'

"The Dutch people are generally below the middle stature, inclined to corpulency and remarkable for a heavy, awkward mien. The women have exceedingly beautiful complexions. Their skins are of a pure white, but generally they fail in expression and resemble fine waxwork. It is not a little remarkable that they retain their exquisite complexions even beyond threescore and ten. And yet you would not call the Dutch women beautiful—their persons are too short and robust. Your admiration of them would be much the same as suggested by the representations at Mme. Tussaud's or the Eden Musee.

"The fashionable ladies of Holland dress like those of England and America, but fashion has little to do in the rural districts of Holland. The peasant women wear caps of immaculate whiteness, resembling somewhat the white portion of the headdress of our Sisters of Charity, fitting closely to the head and surrounded by an outer band of wool or silk—this when visiting or traveling. When at home their headdress is an immense hat of straw nearly as large as an umbrella, adorned with representations of stars, birds, beasts, etc. Their waists are of extravagant lengths, and the other portions of their dress are stuffed and padded to a degree that upsets proportion and symmetry. This distinctive and never changing fashion is handed down from mother to daughter and is substantially just as it was in the days of the Duke of Alva.

"The most striking feature of the Dutch character is antagonism to dirt and filth, the extravagant efforts to insure cleanliness in some instances amounting almost to insanity. It is scrub, scrub, scrub, even when the foreign eye fails to detect anything objectionable. The Dutch housewife sets apart a certain day for the cleansing of the bedroom, and upon that day the bedroom must be cleaned. Even if no dirt be discernible sufficient time has elapsed for its accumulation, she reasons. 'It is the bedroom's day, and it must pass the ordeal.'

"The lower parts of many of the north Holland houses are lined with white Dutch tiles, and some of the rooms are paved with small square tiles, put together without cement. The kitchen furniture—in copper, tin, pewter and iron—affords a striking proof of the mistress' regard for neatness in arrangement and cleanliness in appearance. The beds and tables are covered with the finest linen and the rooms are adorned with pictures and the yards and gardens with flowers. The houses in almost every portion of the province of north Holland present a gay appearance. The windows and doors are generally painted green, and the most lavish use of water is indulged in, not only the windows, but the entire fronts of the houses, being washed two or three times each week. The same care is extended to the streets in which the more opulent inhabitants reside.

"The traveler is impressed with the fact that Holland is emphatically a country of large towns. The larger towns are surrounded by market gardens, many of which are small, every inch of land being cultivated to the highest possibility of productiveness. These small gardeners do not keep horses as beasts of burden, since their maintenance would involve a too considerable expense. They employ dogs, which are as much members of the family as the sons or daughters. These dogs are powerful brutes, capable of drawing loads out of all proportion to their size.

"The custom of smoking is so prevalent in Holland that a genuine Dutch boor, instead of describing distances between places by miles or hours, will say a town or house is so many pipes away. Thus a man may reach Delft from Rotterdam in four pipes, but if he go on to The Hague he will consume seven pipes during the journey. All Dutchmen of the lower class and not a few in the higher walks of life carry in their pockets all requisites for smoking—an enormous box holding at least half a pound of tobacco, a pipe of clay or ivory according to inclination or means, instruments to cleanse it, a pricker to remove obstructions from the stem, a cover of brass to prevent sparks or ashes from flying about and a bountiful supply of matches. A Dutchman in Holland without a pipe would be a rara avis, and such pipes! Some of them are of an antiquity which entitles them to veneration, but certainly not to respect, and so monstrous in size that as weapons of offense or defense they would certainly prove formidable.

"The chief characteristics of the Dutch are patience, ingenuity and perseverance. Their natural temperament is phlegmatic, and the results achieved by their labors are due rather to continued application than arduous exertion. The love of money is their ruling passion and the mainspring of all their actions, and as their energies are concentrated upon ways and means to procure it no people are so unsociable. They seem to have no time for the practice of the various social amenities which in other countries soften the asperities of existence. They speak little and laugh less. But their appearance and expression give a poor indication of their sterling qualities. Their general truthfulness, sincerity and honesty are evident to every one whose own respectability gains him admission on terms of familiar intercourse to the respectable circles of Dutch society."

QUEER HEAD COVERINGS.

Striking Hats That Used to Be Worn in Olden Times.

Douglas, earl of Morton, wore a hat. It was termed by the writers of the period a "steeple" or "sugar loaf" hat and possessed a high cone shaped crown and a narrow brim. The effect produced by such a hat upon the head of a very tall man was more striking than artistic. Stubbs uses these words in describing the hats of his day: "Sometimes they use them sharp on the crown, perking up like the shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads, some more, some less, to please the fantasies of their wavering minds. Some are of silk, some are of velvet, some of taffeta, some sarcenet, some of wool and which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine hair. These they call beaver hats, of 20, 30, 40 shillings apiece, fetched from beyond the sea, whence a great sort of other varieties do come. And so common a thing it is that every serving man, countryman and other, even all indifferently do wear these hats."

In Planche's "Cyclopaedia of Costume" is shown a high crowned hat which by Howard, earl of Northampton, died 1614, early decided "chimney pot" hat worn by Thomas Cecil, first earl of Exeter, died 1622. It is turned up behind and has a silk band gracefully wound about it. The brim is a little bent in front, giving to the contour quite a "line of beauty."

A song by Heywood testifies to the value set on beaver hats in the days of Elizabeth:

The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French he comes not over,
But of all ills that may be felt
Save me from the Dutch beaver.

A hat called variously a copotain, copatain and copintaine was worn in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor. It is uncertain what form these hats really took, but there is a strong presumption that they were hats with high conical crowns in shape resembling those worn by the Welsh peasants of today. If so they were common throughout the reign of James I. and were designated by Bulwer in 1653 sugar loaf hats, which, according to his account, became fashionable again in the reign of Charles I., being worn both by men and women. He says, "What were our sugar loaf hats so mightily affected of late both by men and women, so the committees forsake that every puffe of wind deprived us of them, requiring the employment of one hand to keep them on?"—St. James' Gazette.

The Mexican Boundary.

Two hundred and fifty-eight stone and iron monuments mark the boundary line between the United States and Mexico from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, 700 miles. Most of the monuments are of cast iron, but the principal ones are of stone. They average about two and a half miles apart, but in no case is there an interval of as much as five miles between them. Stone was used wherever possible. Generally they are in the form of a simple tapering four sided shaft, bearing suitable inscriptions in English and Spanish. The stone monuments are about eleven feet high and the iron monuments about six and a half feet high. They are arranged so that they are within sight of one another from one end of the line to the other. The country traversed consists mainly of deserts and mountains, and in many instances the work was prosecuted with considerable difficulty. By the terms of the treaty the destruction or displacement of any of these monuments is made a misdemeanor, punishable according to the justice of the country of the offender's nationality.

Red Bridal Gowns.

It is of interest to note that the choice of white for wedding gowns is comparatively of modern origin. The Roman brides wore yellow, and in most eastern countries pink is the bridal color. During the middle ages and in the renaissance period brides wore crimson to the exclusion of all other colors. Most of the Plantagenet and Tudor queens were married in that vivid hue, which is still popular in parts of Brittany, where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade. It was Mary Stuart who first changed the color of the bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis I. of France, in 1558, which took place not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame, she was gowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length. This innovation caused a great stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, until quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white—the color worn by royal widows—became popular for bridal garments.

Nemesis.

Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature, and sometimes, while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch.—George Eliot.

Thrust Upon Him.

"How did stupid old Boresome ever get a reputation for wit?"

"He was once interviewed by a brilliant young reporter."—Minneapolis Journal.

People whose reputation depend upon their clothes have to keep dressed up all the time.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—causes no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. *David* KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over forty years' experience—a skilful and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter has the most careful consideration and is regarded as *sacredly* confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink *from* telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

The McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 8, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Some bargains in spring wearables are offered by Fry & Coates in their ad this week.

—It is proposed to build a new opera house in Bolivar this summer at a cost of $20,000. The town has been without a play house for the past five years.

—Edinboro Normal students are incited to love learning and to plan for future progress. Spring term begins March 27. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Clarion State Normal, Clarion, Pa., has had the most prosperous year in its history. The spring term opens March 26. Total expense (14 weeks) $43.50. This includes board, room, light, heat and laundry.

—The Junior Endeavorers and Willing Workers of the Baptist church will be "at home" to the public and serve warm sugar to all their friends next Friday evening. Other refreshments also served. Scale of prices on the ten cent basis, proceeds to aid in their part of the work. Everybody invited.

—According to the Johnsonburg Press the Democrats of Ridgway gave a brass band parade the night before election, carried transparencies, etc., and "whooped 'er up" in great style. Among the banners was one reading: "Give us pure water." Well, that's good. Excellent for the Democrats. The light begins to dawn.—Kane Leader.

—Next Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Day of the Baptist church speaks on the subject, "Relation of Faith to Works," and in the evening, "Weighed," illustrated with scales. Hours of service: 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school at noon. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. and prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All are invited to the services; strangers in town gladly welcome.

—According to an exchange it is intimated that rural delivery mail service may be curtailed. An inspection is now in progress to ascertain why certain routes are poorly patronized and to correct unfavorable conditions if shown to exist. The department figures that the average route should handle from 2,000 to 3,000 pieces of mail each month. Where this amount is not reached the department may think it advisable to change or discontinue the route or make the delivery every other day instead of every day.

Music Figures.

"The most remarkable arrangement of numbers that I know of," said a local business college man who takes a delight in solving curious problems and digging up mathematical oddities, "is the combination of the six figures 142,857. Multiply this number by 2, and the answer is 285,714; by 3, and the answer is 428,571; by 4, and the answer is 571,428; by 5, and the answer is 714,285; by 6, and the answer is 857,142. Each answer contains exactly the same digits as the original sum, and, to cap the climax, multiply the number by 7, and up comes the answer 999,999. Try it and see if it is not so."—Philadelphia Record.

A Rare Coin.

When Louisiana seceded, Jan. 26, 1861, the new government seized the United States mint at New Orleans and struck $254,820 in double eagles and $1,101,216.50 in silver half dollars, using the United States dies for 1861. The bullion was exhausted in May, 1861, when the coinage ceased and the United States dies were destroyed. A Confederate States die was then made to be used for silver half dollars, but it was not fit for use in coining press, the relief being too high. Four half dollars were struck with it on a screw press, and these comprise the entire coinage of the Confederate States.

What Eddie Was Reading.

A New England father who believes that children should be nourished on good literature as well as on good food has always read the English classics aloud to his only son, Eddie, now six years old.

A friend of the family, knowing of this practice, recently asked Eddie what he was reading.

"A Wavering novel," was his reply.

Her Regret.

Marjorie had been given some hard peppermint candies, and after holding one in her mouth for a few minutes she ran to her mother and cried, "Oh, mother, I swallowed that candy!"

"Never mind," said her mother; "it will not hurt you."

"Yes, I know," said Marjorie, "but I lost the use of it."—Youth's Companion.

Plenty of Talk.

"You say that public official had nothing to say?" said the editor.

"Yes," answered the self confident reporter; "but he talked three-quarters of an hour before I discovered it."—Washington Star.

Unavailing Pursuit.

"Don't be so sweeping in your judgments. There's that prominent man I mentioned just now, who I am sure has always pursued an upright life."

"That may be, but he's never caught up with it."—Baltimore American.

"A Star Out of Jacob."

In the time of the reign of Hadrian, about A. D. 130, a Jew appeared among the people of Palestine claiming to be a Messiah—the "star out of Jacob"—which Balaam predicted in his prophecy. (See Numbers xxiv. 17.) This Jewish messiah's name was Simeon Bar-Cocheba, which latter name in the Hebrew language means "son of a star." This individual who so blatantly proclaimed himself to be of divine origin took Jerusalem by storm (A. D. 132) and actually commenced the rebuilding of the temple. He took the government in hand and issued coins and performed many other public offices. One of these coins, now in the British museum, has an enlarged star upon one side and upon the other a Hebrew legend meaning "The Deliverer of Jerusalem." The Jews, it is said, lost 600,000 men defending this messiah at the time when the Roman government attempted to put down the popular delusion. In Roman history Bar-Cocheba is known as "Cozibi of Barchochebia." The enemies of the "son of a star" changed his name to "Bar-Coseba," which in the Hebrew means "son of a lie."

A Speedy Recovery.

On one of the visits of the American fleet to English waters Admiral Erben was in command, with Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the writer on naval affairs, as his flag captain. One morning Captain Mahan came to his admiral with an invitation to dine with a duke which he had received.

"I can't accept," said Captain Mahan, "as they forgot to invite you."

"I should say you couldn't," growled the admiral. "I'll answer for you."

Whereupon the admiral wrote:

"Admiral Erben, United States navy, regrets that Captain Mahan, his flag captain, cannot accept the invitation of the Duke of Blank. Captain Mahan is on the sick list."

An hour or so later a messenger from the duke returned with invitations for the admiral and the captain, whereupon the admiral wrote again:

"Admiral Erben accepts with pleasure the invitation for Captain Mahan and himself. He wishes also to advise the Duke of Blank that he has taken Captain Mahan off the sick list."

[illegible] traveler through Kashmir [illegible] in practice there is a novel [illegible] for this fodder up for winter [illegible] valley [illegible] which [illegible] are kept out of the snow all over the world. A curious custom in such places is that of hanging quantities of hay up among the branches of trees. What is thus done is more than I could guess, unless it be to get the cattle fed in winter the snow lies five and six yards in depth and that the supplies of hay which have been cut in summer might be easily reached by the flocks of sheep which abound there.

Mitigating Circumstance.

A Scotch bailie recently advanced to the bench had a criminal placed before him accused of some very modest violation of the law. Of course the bailie knew the prisoner well. He heard the charge stated.

"John, man, I'm sorry to see you here. We'll just fine you half a crown."

The clerk here intervened.

"But the charge is not yet proved; we have not heard the evidence."

Then the benignant bailie:

"Ah, well, John, my man, as the charge is not proved we'll just fine you an eighteenpence."—London Telegraph.

Mars and Saturn.

If Mars and Saturn reflect the same proportion of the light which falls upon their surfaces the smaller and much nearer planet would look three times as bright as the much more distant and much larger Saturn. As a matter of fact, there is no great difference between the two. It is inferred from this fact that the visible surface of Saturn consists of clouds, since no surface of land and water would reflect so much light as that planet gives.

He Is Deliberate.

Mrs. Sparks—Your husband is a very deliberate man, isn't he? Mrs. Slowman—Indeed he is. Mrs. Sparks—Did you ever know him to do anything in a hurry? Mrs. Slowman—Never! He plans every movement with the utmost deliberation and lingers studiously over every detail. I have often thought that if he ever dies suddenly it will be an awful shock to him.

Not So Very Unexpected.

"Ada, dearest Ada, will you be mine?"

"Oh, Charles, this is so unexpected! You must give me a little time."

"How long, darling?"

"Oh, I will just call mamma. She is waiting in the next room."—Fliegende Blatter.

Willing.

"Now," began the philosopher, "take the life of your neighbor, for instance. He"—

"I'd do it in a minute," interrupted the practical man, "if the law would not interfere. He's learning to play the cornet."

Not Anxious to Please.

Neptune—I say, Boreas, if you keep on blowing like that you'll get yourself disliked. Boreas—What do I care! It isn't my business to furnish popular airs.—Modern Society.

Comforting.

"Our clergyman preached a sermon to widowers today."

"What was his text?"

"'Sorrow not as those that have no hope.'"

Wouldn't Miss It.

Maid—Are you at home to Mrs. Tompkins, mum? She's at the door. Mistress—I am if she has a new hat on—not otherwise.—Exchange.

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

A Polish Sport.

One of the favorite sports of a Polish country gentleman is to capture a wolf alive, and as his mode of doing it is probably new to many Englishmen I will briefly describe it. A wolf being driven into the open, the well mounted horseman pursues it, armed only with a long whip and some rope. The wolf after a time tries to take rest, but the rider forces it on with his whip till, after repeated attempts at rest, it sinks exhausted. The rider then springs from his horse, jumps astride the wolf and, holding it by the ears, secures it with the rope. Most men require the assistance of a mounted companion, who ties the wolf while the other holds its ears with both hands, and in this way the capture is comparatively easy, but to do it single handed is a difficult feat. Nasty bites and even dangerous wounds result should the hunter have miscalculated the strength of the animal. No one, however, is considered a perfect sportsman till he has done this, yet many never succeed. Of the large party assembled only our host, two of his stalwart brothers and one other man had obtained this blue ribbon of Polish sport.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Couture and His Dainty Pupil.

An old pupil of Couture tells how the master came into his schoolroom one day when the model was in exceptionally great condition, the light especially fine and the circumstances of the service altogether auspicious. As he entered one of the students got up and went to the tub of water in the corner, leaving all the rest busy at their work. "What are you going to do?" asked Couture roughly. The student showed his hands, which had some paint on them, and replied that he was going to wash them. Couture dabbed his thumb in some paint on the palette of the nearest student and made a smear on the dainty pupil's forehead. "You'd better wash your face, too," he said. The free washing was the last act of the students when they had finished their work for the day. The dainty pupil took the hint to heart, apologized and sat down at his easel without visiting the tub. If he had not done so he would never have entered the school again.

The Earth's Swift Motion.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each twenty-four hours, but few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed at which such an immense ball must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and a night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern high pressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by such a missile has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3 2-10 seconds. The earth in making one complete revolution in the short space of twenty-four hours must turn with a velocity almost exactly equal to that of the cannon ball. In short, its rate of speed at the equator is exactly 1,507 feet per second. This is equal to 17 miles a minute.

The Empresses of Russia.

During the eighteenth century no less than four empresses held sway over Russia, and if perhaps the throne was unjustly usurped in more than one instance it can at least be said of all of them that they reigned more wisely than the emperors of that period and that they have left names more famous than those of their male predecessors and successors. With all her many faults Catherine the Great proved a wise and powerful monarch, and much that disfigured her history may be forgotten, seeing that she almost totally abolished the custom of subjecting all Russian prisoners to a system of ghastly torture besides repealing many other cruel and barbarous laws.

Washington's Hand.

George Washington's hand was described as that of a giant. On the last occasion of General Lafayette's visit to this country he remarked to Mr. Custis, when referring to a former visit, "You were holding to a single finger of the good general's remarkable hand—the greatest feat you could perform at that time." Washington was the champion jumper of his day. In one match he covered 21 feet 3 inches, easily beating all competitors.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

"What I want," said the earnest citizen, "is to see a state of affairs which will give every man a chance to work."

"Yes," answered the cheerless person, "but that won't give entire satisfaction. What nearly everybody is looking for is a chance to do nothing and make everybody else work."—Washington Star.

His Model.

Critic—That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character? Novelist—I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry.—London Tit-Bits.

On and Off.

Mrs. Hightone—You are having trouble with your cooks? Mrs. Flashly—The first one carried on so. Mrs. Hightone—And how about the last? Mrs. Flashly—She carried off so. I lost two dresses and a hat.

Persevering.

"Jenkins is a man of remarkable perseverance."

"Is he?"

"Yes, indeed. He has tried six different kinds of hair restorer, and he hasn't given up the fight yet."

Where there is much pretension there is much that has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater.

She Works at Home.

Hicks—I understand Mrs. Bias has learned how to keep her husband at home. Wicks—Nonsense! Bias is out with "the boys" nearly every night. Hicks—You misunderstand me. I mean the work she does at home keeps him. She's a dressmaker, you know.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Remarkable Bridge.

Among the many odd nooks and corners and crannies of the auld Emerald Isle is Carrick-a-rede, on the Great Northern railroad of Ireland. It is an isolated rock, separated from the mainland by a chasm sixty feet wide and more than eighty feet deep, and it is at this place that the salmon are intercepted in their retreat to the rivers. A rude bridge of ropes is thrown across, which remains during the fishing season, and this bridge, which is protected by a single rope rail, swings about in the most uncomfortable manner, often rendering it a dangerous feat in stormy weather save to the natives, who cross it with the utmost indifference. The name is derived from "Carrig-a-ram-hadh" (the rock in the road) on account of the intercepting of the salmon. Near by on the west side of the island is a cavern in which have been found the bones of horse, ox, deer, sheep, goat, badger, otter, water rat and of several kinds of birds.

Sarcastic.

First Medical Man—My practice has doubled since I came to this town. Second Medical Man—Oh, so you have got another patient?

The absent are like children—helpless to defend themselves.—Rendé.

Life is the jailer, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.—Lowell.

STRANGE ADVICE!

Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Ask a Woman

what she thinks of plumbing. Her keen discernment will surprise you. She will point out defects most men wouldn't see. That's why its wise to have women consulted about

The Entire Plumbing of a Home

As to our plumbing work we invite the keenest scrutiny. It's plumbed to stay. Get us and it will be as a woman likes it.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

[illegible] Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per an num.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 8, 1906.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county with fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania, and if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. P. HARDOON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 21, 1906.

N. M. Orr of Kane is a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to nomination at the Republican primaries.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of Representative in the Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at its primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 6, 1906.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. OSTRANDER.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 27, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. D. SIMMONS.

State Line Mills, Pa., March 7, 1906.

Castro of Venezuela continues to talk fight. Remember the story about the parrot.

FOR a crowd of long distance, six day goers-you please talkers the gentlemen now spelling in Congress are in a class by themselves.

A BILL has been introduced into Congress providing for an increase in the salaries of various national officials. Perhaps T. Roosevelt deserves more wages, but that would be about all.

SMETHPORT needs new industries that will employ men and women all the year round. A united effort on the part of business men would land such industries. It is time to make an effort in that direction.

TUESDAY morning at Miramir Palace, San Sebastin, Princess Ena of Battenburg, the bride-elect of King Alfonso of Spain, formally abjured her Anglican religious faith and was received into the Roman Catholic church. The Princess was baptized under the name Victoria.

AT a meeting of the Shoe and Leather Association held recently in Chicago one of the speakers in his remarks blamed the increasing price of leather to the fact that the American people are becoming vegetarians. People are eating less meat than formerly and as a result there is a decrease in the hide industry. Moral: To have cheaper shoes eat more meat.

"WHAT shall we do with our sons of famous men?" A newspaper dispatch says: Ralph Earle Simpson, son of the late Rear Admiral Sampson, has re entered the naval academy as a member of the present fourth class. Young Sampson was recently dropped from a higher class on account of deficiencies in studies, but was at once re-appointed by President Roosevelt.

A DESPERATE anarchistic plot to destroy the Hoosac tunnel docks and other corporation property in Boston Mass., by dynamite and fire, was disclosed to Colonel Cole, chairman of the board of police, in an anonymous letter apparently, however, from respectable source, received Monday. The writer declares he honestly did not discussed at a recent meeting of rebel unions. No time is named for its execution, but all the details are made known.

A. D. SIMMONS of State Line Mills announces himself a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Simmons served nearly four years in the Civil war. He was a member of Co. E of the famous Buckrail regiment. He is a true-blue, life-long Republican and has served his party as loyally as he did his country. He asks this small favor in return, and will probably receive a large vote.

N. M. ORR of Kane announces himself as a candidate for the nomination of Member of Assembly on the Republican ticket. Mr. Orr is an attorney at law and also editor-in-chief of the Kane Republican. He is a man of good, sound principles, who, if elected to the office could be depended upon to do what he thought best for the interests of McKean county. His ability as a lawyer and newspaper man is of a high order and the experience he has gained in these callings gives him a wide knowledge of affairs in the county he seeks to represent. Mr. Orr has many friends throughout the county and undoubtedly will polo a large vote at the primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM of Port Allegany announces that he is a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Nordstrom was born in Sweden 36 years ago and at the age of six years came to this country with his parents and settled in Tioga county, where he grew to manhood. About nine years ago he came to Port Allegany and entered in the mercantile business which he has successfully conducted up to the present time, making many friends in that section of the county. He is a prominent member of the Swedish Brotherhood of America and is also identified with several other social and fraternal orders. Mr. Nordstrom is a bright, intelligent and pleasing gentleman to meet and if chosen should make a good Representative. That end of the county rightfully lays claim to a Representative and everything considered Mr. Nordstrom should make a good run.

The Canadian Line.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with iron posts at mile intervals for a great part of its length. Cairns, earth mounds and timber posts are also used, and through the forests and swamps a line a rod wide, clear of trees and underwood, has been cut. Across the lakes artificial islands have been made to support the cairns, which rise about eight feet above the high water mark.—Exchange.

A Miser's Wish.

Greedylot, who is rather miserly, was recovering from a long illness. "How was it, doctor," he asked one day, "that I was able to live so many weeks without eating?"

"Why, you were fed by the fever."

"Are you sure?" Then after a moment's reflection, "I wish I could give it to my servants."

Speaking Their Minds.

The queer thing about the people who boast of always speaking their minds is that they nearly always have such disagreeable minds to speak. Did you ever hear any one preface a compliment, a commendation or anything gracious or pleasant by saying, "I always must speak my mind?"—Woman's Life.

On the Common Highway.

We are learning that a standard of social ethics is not attained by traveling [illegible] by walking [illegible] and common road rights all must govern self for one another's sake. Christ set the standard when he said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Foolish.

By six cents a day it may be fine to Angle without any regard to profit, chance without motive? Inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to distinguish between friend and foe.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the ad man can see it.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 13 and 14, with spring samples.

ABE J. MARTIN.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

Have you ever used a Universal Bread Mixer? If not you had better get one on trial from Holmes & Gilfillan.

Holmes & Gilfillan carry a complete stock of Edison phonographs and gold moulded records.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Don't buy a gas range until you have seen the Jewel line at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Executrix's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of John McKiernan, late of Keating township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys.

ANNA McKIERNAN,
P. O. Address, Smethport, Pa.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU WANT THE BEST IN CANNED VEGETABLES WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

At MONHEIMER'S

THREE

One Dollar Shirts for

$1.00.

They are stylish, up-to-date goods, the regular LION BRAND one dollar grade. For one week only, 3 shirts at the price of one shirt.

You must come quick before others take all we've got at such a ridiculous low price.

SIZES: 14 to 18 1-2.

Wm. Monheimer.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

a line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Travelling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler.
Smethport, Pa.

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,008.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,209.59
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.06
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,516.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,660.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,278.80
December 1, 1905	25,423	182,853.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $3,6343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

NEW SPRING GOODS

Now on Exhibition.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ASK TO SEE THE

NEW QUARTERLY

The Spring Number of the Ladies' Home Journal Quarterly Style Book is now ready and for sale. It is the greatest book of the kind ever issued, containing colored fashion plates, 140 large pages, over 1300 illustrations of the latest and best styles, and special articles of great interest to every woman. It is issued to meet the demand for complete and absolutely reliable information as to the season's fabrics, the latest styles in stockings, shoes, hair dressing, millinery and other accessories of feminine dress. The Quarterly contains everything you see in this counter catalogue and a great deal more. The edition is limited. To avoid disappointment buy a copy at once. Price 25 cents.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Are showing a number of the

NEWEST GARMENTS.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

The Covert Jackets, price $5 to $15.
Pony Jackets for Ladies and Misses.
Long English Walking Coats and Light Worsteds. Short Jackets in light Grey Plaids and Checks.
White serge coats and skirts. Eaton Suits in Alice gray, dark blue, Alice blue and black.

Our first shipment of fifty of the famous KORRECT SKIRTS in spring styles and shades. See them in our windows.

The Lindholm Co.

1904

Automatic Washer

Positively does the washing in less than half the time required by other device.

Will cleanse 8 shirts in 8 minutes; equivalent to 1 shirt per minute and guaranteed to wash lace curtains without the slightest injury to same.

DOES IT WITH PERFECT EASE.

Operator can sit down and do the washing. A child of 12 years can do the entire washing.

Let us send you one on a week's trial.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 8, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mundy of Marvin street, last night, a boy.

—The Lindholm Co. are displaying the newest garments. See their new ad in this issue.

—Do not forget the lecture to-night at the Methodist Episcopal church on "Family Names."

—F. H. Chase of the Era has been appointed official scorer for the Bradford baseball team.

—Landlord Geary very pleasantly entertained a "stag" party at the Hotel Imperial Friday night.

—The Smethport Hose Co. will give a supper and dance at the hose house, St. Patrick's Eve, March 16th.

—Spring is coming. The wild geese are moving north and the baseball players are journeying southward.

—Monheimer's weekly offering consists of a remarkable shirt bargain. His ad is at the usual place on this page.

—The Coudersport Democrat with commendable hustle issued an extra containing an account of the Brewster hanging Tuesday.

—J. P. Herrick of the Bolivar Breeze has been elected president of the New York Republican Editors' Association of New York State.

—It is said that the Shawmut Railroad company will build a new brick depot this spring at the corner of Water and Mechanic streets.

—The National Protective Legion will hold regular meetings every 2nd and 4th Saturday, at 8 p. m. sharp in the Odd Fellows hall.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale in Charles Lemmler's store, Saturday, March 10, from 2 to 5 o'clock.

—Herbert Morau, a well known Coudersport ball player, and Miss Scena Haskins, a popular young lady of that town, were married at Olean one day last week.

—Thomas Harrington, the soldier-poet, has had several short effusions in the Buffalo News recently. Tom has a style of his own and his articles always "say something;" differing greatly from the general run of "magazine made" poetry of the present day.

—J. M. Sloan, who for the past 15 years has conducted a furniture and carpet business on the public square, announces that he will retire from business.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Nellie Hovey, teacher in the fourth grade of Bolivar's high school, is charged with assault in the third degree. She punished a pupil. The case will be tried next Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. M. Watkins, Jr., of St. Marys are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy which occurred Tuesday. Mrs. Watkins was formerly Miss Lucy Wright of this place.

—Until further notice the meetings of the W. C. T. U. will be held at 3:30 p. m. A good attendance is desired on Saturday, March 10, in the M. E. chapel and visitors are always welcome.

—Henry Bierer is suffering with an ailment which badly cripples one of his feet. He has been troubled for some months with a very sore toe and fears that it may have to be amputated.

—Work on the excavation for the foundation of the new St. Elizabeth's church will be commenced next week. Persons wishing dirt for grading purposes are asked to notify the Rev. J. F. Dugan.

—Mr. James Biggins of Eldred and Miss Mabel Marie Brown of Olean were married recently at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Biggins is well-known in Smethport where he formerly resided.

—The death of Henry Brown, one of the best known and most popular barbers in Bradford, occurred at the family residence, No. 10 Thompson avenue, at 9 o'clock p. m., Tuesday. He was 52 years of age.

—The libel suit instituted by the Pierce Medical company against the Ladies Home Journal is being tried in Buffalo. No matter which side loses it will get more than its money's worth in free advertising.

—W. D. Sherman, arrested on a warrant charging assault, was given a hearing before Alderman Williams yesterday afternoon. The prisoner gave bail in the sum of $200 for his appearance in court at Smethport at the June term.—Bradford Era.

—"The Village Fool," as presented at the Lyceum Thursday evening, tells a thrilling tale of life in Illinois. There is a nimble young heroine whose beauty of character is only exceeded by her good looks; a fearless young lightweight with a large voice who takes stage punches at a 190-pound villain and escapes uninjured; a somewhat battered portrait of Abraham Lincoln, a shotgun, the village fool and others make up the balance of the cast. The production is decidedly Bradfordesque.

—Johnsonburg citizens are subscribing to the stock of a new industry which will undoubtedly be located in that town. It is a shirt waist factory which will give employment to a large number of people.

—According to reports, Rick Donovan of Kane, one of the best known hotel keepers in this section, has met with financial reverses and has filed a petition of bankruptcy at Pittsburg, placing his liabilities at $12,486, and his assets at $10,968.

—Albert DeLong, Jr., of Shamokin, quarreled with his wife Tuesday and seized a bottle of what he supposed to be laudanum. He swallowed the contents. The liquid proved to be mucilage. Then the couple made up, kissed, and decided to stick together.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young and Miss Lois Young are touring in Spain. Communications received by relatives and friends of the family report them in good health and enjoying their travels. They were in Cadiz on Feb. 17. The next country to be visited is Egypt.

—The smiling face of Albert Miller is seen on our streets once more after an absence of two weeks at Smethport where he was cutting for the Camp Co. Albert has an attraction here for his smiles and two weeks' absence must have seemed an age.—Roulette Recorder.

—Blanchie Meyers, arrested a few days ago charged with selling beer without a license on Sunday, yesterday was released on $500 bail, the amount having been fixed by Judge Boyton in Smethport. The defendant will appear at the next term of court.—Bradford Era.

—Clair White has accepted a position with Robert Hilton as chauffeur and will move his family to Smethport. Mr. White is an expert machinist and is on to all the little techniques of an auto. Mr Hilton will purchase a new touring car this spring.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—John L. Sullivan is coming to Bradford shortly where he will appear in vaudeville. In a letter to the Bradford Era he offers $1,000 to any man of his weight he cannot stop in four rounds. John says he is a good man to-day and intimates that pugilistic history may repeat itself.

—Word was received here this week from Miss Stella Tate of Ponce, Porto Rico, a former teacher of this place, that she expects to return to the United States in about four months; also that she and Miss Martha Neill are both enjoying the best of health.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—An interesting program has been prepared for the meeting of the McKean County School Directors' Association at the court house, Smethport, March 14 and 15. The program includes addresses, discussions, vocal music, recitings and a question box. The meeting should be well attended.

—Services at St. Luke's church second Sunday in Lent, March 11. Morning prayer at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 12 o'clock and evening prayer at 7:30. Wednesday March 14, Litany at 9:00 a. m., children's services at 4:15 p. m. Friday March 18, Litany at 9:00 a. m., evening prayer and address at 7:30 p. m.

—In the past six months taps have been sounded over the graves of 24,000 pensioners of the Civil war, according to a statement of Chief Pension Commissioner Warner. This, he says, is an evidence of the rapidity with which the veterans are being diminished. The total number of pensioners December 31, was 669,234.

—The Kane baseball team for the coming season will include the following players: Eichberger, Sasse, Servatius, Hannon, Urquhart, Grogion, Wilson, Donahue, Collopy, Jessup and Drake. As nearly all these men are well known here it is quite probable that the average Smethport fan will root for Kane in the Interstate league race.

—Another dynamite explosion was narrowly averted at Emporium last Thursday morning. An engine doing switching crashed into a car loaded with dynamite and the tender was driven half way through the car. Other cars loaded with the deadly explosive were near and what prevented an explosion cannot be accounted for.

—The remains of Timothy Curtin, who lost his life by suffocation in a fire at Olean, were taken to Sartwell Tuesday and the funeral was held Wednesday. Mrs. Patrick Mullin and daughter, Mary, and Joseph Mullin of Turtle Point, and Mrs. Ella Finn of Sartwell, went to Olean to accompany the remains to Sartwell.—Bradford Record.

—A Kane joker gave the Republican an account of an alleged highway robbery which he said was perpetrated upon himself and after the account was published informed the newspaper that the men who stopped him were acquaintances who wanted the price of a drink. The Republican was rightfully indignant over the matter. There is quite a severe penalty provided by law for such jokers.

—A meeting of the McKean County Bar Association was held at the Hotel Holley in Bradford, yesterday afternoon. Those present included Hon. J. W. Bonton, E. L. Keenan, G. B. Mayo, Allen Oviatt, F. D. Gallup, E. R. Mayo and Hon. T. F. Richmond of Smethport. The entire party dined at the Hotel Holley and during the afternoon repaired to the photograph gallery of Photographer Robbins, where a group picture was taken.

—Extensive improvements are now under way at the Wright House. The new proprietors, Dodge & Sherburne intend reconstructing the first floor of the house, greatly enlarging the office and placing the bar room on the east side of the building. A new main stairway will be constructed and plate glass windows placed in the front of the building.

—A band has been organized at Eldred, under the leadership of Prof. Cornet, formerly of Port Allegany.—MINER. This band was organized among the Belgian glassworkers before Mr. Cornet came here. The MINER might be more explanatory and say "another band," as it has no connection with the Eldred band. Eldred has two bands.—Eldred Eagle. Scuse us, Bennie.

—One night last week about twenty Italians indulged in a free-for-all mix-up on Railroad street in Johnsonburg. The fight started in a bar room and was continued on the street and one man was severely injured. Knives, razors and revolvers were much in evidence and officers and citizens had a hard time stopping the fracas. Two of the rioters were arrested, after a severe struggle, by the police.

—"My Wife's Family" is a merry musical mix-up that kept a fair sized audience good natured at the Lyceum Monday night. Old songs are well sung and old jokes are well sprung. Arthur Don and Frank Beamish are a jolly pair of fun-makers. Lillian Northrope is a sweet singer and Maide Wensley can also sing. Minnie Thompson is a clever dancer and Tom Linton's awkward dance made a hit. The balance of the company is up to the average.

—A very pleasant surprise was tendered to Miss Maude L. Richardson on Tuesday evening of last week at the home of her parents on Willow street, by a number of her friends who presented her with a handsome piano stool, the event being in honor of her birthday. A feature at the supper table was a lovely birthday cake which formed the center piece. The cake was presented by Mrs. Harry Johnson. The evening passed pleasantly with music, etc., and after supper, which was served at a late hour, the guests departed, all having passed a most enjoyable evening.

Personal Mention.

F. F. Riggall visited Bradford Friday.

W. S. Palmer departed for Erie today.

B. F. Starsky was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Miss Rachel Rubin visited in Bradford on Tuesday.

Fred Capehart of Port Allegany was in town this week.

Melvin Joyner is visiting his parents in Chipmunk, N. Y.

Mrs. H. Hellman departed for New York City Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James McKean visited Bradford yesterday.

Chas. G. Mesler transacted business in Bradford this week.

James A. McKean was in Bradford Monday on business.

Superintendent Burdette S. Bayle visited Bradford Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick are in New York this week.

District Attorney G. B. Mayo was a visitor in Bradford Monday.

Attorney S. W. Smith was over from Port Allegany on business yesterday.

Miss Katherine Cassidy of Ormsby was visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. J. C. Hendee of Hornellsville returned to her home Monday after a visit with relatives.

Miss Beulah Holder has returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Port Allegany.

Miss Jessie Ray returned to her home in Colegrove Tuesday after a visit with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Hussey.

Mrs. G. W. Mitchell left Tuesday for a visit to the home of her son, A. W. Mitchell, in Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mrs. J. J. Healy and little daughter of Kane are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Haley, of East Main street.

Geo. Irons, Jr., who has been employed in Fairmont, W. Va., for the past several months, has returned to Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blake of Eldred returned home Friday after a visit with their daughters, Mrs. J. C. Backus and Miss Bessie Blake.

Sanford Bloomberg has returned home from a two months' visit in Sweden. He was accompanied by his parents who will make their future home in this borough.

Mrs. W. A. Harris was in Bradford on Tuesday and Wednesday. Tuesday evening she gave an address before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Methodist Episcopal church whose guest she was.

Oswald Todd of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at this office Friday. Mr. Todd announced the fact that he had recently become a grandfather by the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Todd of Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. Davo McCarty of Mt. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Steve McClafferty of Hazelhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Provin of Bolivar and Eugene McCarty of Buffalo were among the out-of-town relatives in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. Walter Wilson.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 48 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

Subscribe for the MINER.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

Along with some new things we offer this week at HALF PRICE and LESS some spring purchases and odd lots of good merchandise for a quick clearance.

EMBROIDERED ROBES

An idea belonging to this spring particularly. They're made from White Lawns and Mulls, daintily trimmed with laces and embroideries. Skirts require only one seam and the band. Waist materials to match. Per set $5.75 to $17.50

Embroidered Waist Patterns

Embroidered and lace trimmed fronts of White Lawns with cuffs to match. Per set $1.00 $1.50 $2.00

GILT BELTS

Some handsome new things in these belts so popular just now. 25c and 50c

WAISTS. Half Price.

The remainder of the Nun's Veiling, Mohair and Albatross Waists, black, white and colors, sizes 32 to 40 at just half. $1.00 to $2.50

CORSETS

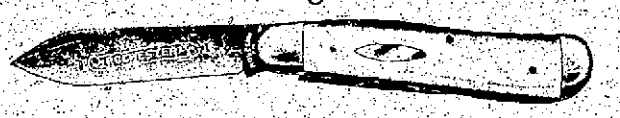
30 Kabo Corsets, straight front, habit hip, attached supporters, new $1.00 goods.

42 assorted styles "P. N.," "W. B.," "Puritan," "Flexibone," "Crescent" and "Glove Fitting" Corsets. Odd lots $1 and $1.50 goods. Choice 68c. Sizes 18 to 28.

58 latest style Jean Corsets, medium length. Regular price 50c Choice 28c. Sizes 18 to 27.

FRY & COMES

Rochester Shur Edge Pocket Knives.



"You can never tell by the looks of a frog how far he can jump," and you can't tell by the "looks" of a pocket knife how much satisfaction it will give you, nor how long it will hold its cutting qualities. But when you buy

SHUR EDGE CUTLERY

you may rest assured that every blade is hand forged from Wordlow's superfine steel, natural gas tempered, file and wire tested by skilled mechanics who have years of experience.

With a knife comes a guarantee that we will replace free of charge all knives that are actually imperfect in workmanship or temper, don't risk buying a poor knife when you know our guarantee.

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We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

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PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

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Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

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Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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The Finest and most complet line of

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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer

Smethport, Pa.

NATURAL BUILDERS.

BOASTFUL MAN SHOULD CONSIDER THE WORK OF ANIMALS.

Extraordinary Instinct and Capacity of Some Apparently Insignificant Creatures—A Few of the Many Wonders They Have Performed.

Man prides himself upon his marvelous inventions. He holds up to the admiration of the world the wonderful buildings which he has constructed and thinks himself unrivaled as an architect, but "he who teaches man knowledge has instructed the smallest insects in the art of building and has thus anticipated the works of man as an architect." They who builded the tower of Babel thought their invention of turning earth into stone a most wonderful discovery, but the white ant and the busy little bee had practiced this art from the earliest days. The great mathematician instructed the tiny bee how to build its first cell in the manner which combines the greatest amount of strength with the least material. Instinct, which may be called perpetual memory, has preserved the knowledge thus communicated, and the art has been practiced by the countless myriads of their descendants in all climes and countries. The little bee has been engaged in storing away the honey in these hexagonal cells, constructing the cells of wax and pinning within them the bee bread, a paste made of pollen and honey, for the food of the young. In each of these cells the queen bee deposits an egg. Some of the bees surround their nests with down collected from the leaves of plants to serve as a nonconductor of heat, to guard against changes of temperature.

Nature taught the inferior orders of animals carpentry, taught them to divide their houses into various apartments, to construct domes, arches, staircases and colonnades and to excavate tunnels. The scarlet hangings of the ancient city of Tyre excited the admiration of the then known world, but there was a little insect that knew the art long before the celebrated Tyrian dye was discovered, of hanging the walls of its cell with tapestry of a scarlet more brilliant than that of Tyre.

Selecting the scarlet petals of the poppy, the upholsterer bee cuts small, oval pieces as neatly as if done with a pair of scissors, seizes the pieces between her legs and carries them to her nest. She overlays them three or four in thickness, fitting the pieces very dexterously, and thus hanging her nest all around with this splendid scarlet tapestry. In this beautiful nest her eggs are hatched.

Men have been ages in bringing populous cities to their fullest extent, but the white ants require only a few months to build a city containing a much larger number of inhabitants than Babylon in all its glory. These habitations are built with two stories, with long galleries and numerous chambers. The spider weaves his home as a silken net; the locust constructs his of the bark of trees, cut into shape by a sawlike organ which he possesses; the kingfisher rears its young in a floating cradle; the ant builds winding passages to numerous chambers. In the innermost of these chambers the infant treasures are laid at night to protect them from cold. In the morning, when the sun is up, the workers convey the larvæ to the upper chambers, close under the roof, where they may have warmth.

The beaver hut is round and arched and has a cellar, a flooring, a ceiling and a roof raised by an animal destitute of the builder's art and instructed only by nature. The hare keeps open a chimney to his burrow for circulation of air, from which in cold countries a little column of steam is often seen to arise. The chimpanzee builds for himself a hut of branches and leaves, which is, however, roofless. Many shellfish have been taught by Mother Nature to enlarge their houses without moving out of them. Birds build various kinds of nests in various kinds of places. They hang them from trees, they sew them to a living leaf, they weave a matting above them, they build them in sections under a common roof in the shape of a purse, they place them in tufts of grass where

They found their lowly house of withered bents
And coarser spear grass.

They line their houses with feathers, leaves, grass, hair, string, moss; they cement them, they glue them, they plaster them.

The most insignificant of nature's creative bounty have a talent for making houses for their young. The gentry in yellow jackets deposit their eggs in brown paper cups or in little clay cells; the spider, that sly spinner, ties them up in bags of Quaker colored silk. Some do them up in gray bundles and hang them on trees; some find a cradle for them in the ripening apple or the reddening cherry, while some shelter them beneath the leathern umbrella of the toadstool. Everywhere these larvæ may be found as spring opens. They are peeping from holes swinging in the air, laid away in silken shrouds, rocked in shells of the ocean, burrowing in the earth, skulking in the woods, set in mother of pearl, put up in ivory, imbedded in sand, laid away in the center of fallen logs, pecking from the other side of shells, blue, mottled and white, each fulfilling its part in the great workshop of nature. The great monuments of man, his cities, edifices, roads, are but pebbles in comparison with the works of those humble creatures who have constructed reefs and islands in the midst of the sea. Deep down in the waves is one of nature's largest workshops, and the work is done according to nature's order by the little coral animal, whose home is in the ocean.

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25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE NAME "JOHN BULL."

It Was the Invention of the Satirical Dr. Arbuthnot.

John Bull, the mythical personage supposed to represent the English people, was the invention of Dr. Arbuthnot in one of his satirical sketches ridiculing the great Duke of Marlborough. In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Arbuthnot was "the first man among eminent writers in Queen Anne's time." He drew John Bull as the typical Englishman—a stout, red faced old farmer, far too corpulent for comfort, choleric, but withal an honest and well meaning fellow. He clothed him in leather breeches and top boots, put a stout oaken cudgel in his hand and a bulldog at his heels and set him up for all time to serve as the representative Englishman.

He may have been not so bad a caricature in the days of Queen Anne, but today certainly there is much force in an English critic's remark that "he completely hides the Englishman of real life." The average Englishman of today is physically no stouter certainly than—probably not so stout as—the average American and the stout cudgel and the bulldog are no longer apt symbols of the modern Britisher's disposition. He has lost the excessive pugnacity of his forefathers and is, above all, anxious to keep the peace with his Uncle Samuel.—London Standard.

SILVER MINES.

The Way Nature Forms These Deposits of Precious Metal.

The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These solutions take up small particles of precious metal which they find here and there.

Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation.

Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below the ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time—perhaps thousands of years—until the pocket is filled up.

Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the precious metal or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it as, if 1,000,000 hands were fetching the treasures from all sides and hiding away a mine for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.

SPECKLED TOBACCO.

How the Little Yellow Spots Are Formed on the Leaf.

"Little yellow specks on the wrapper are positive indications of a cigar's excellence. Choose a speckled cigar, and you can't go wrong."

The speaker was a skate salesman. The tobacco salesman laughed at him.

"Are you a victim of that error, too?" he said. "Listen and I'll tell you all about those little yellow specks.

"We are in Cuba. In mile long rows grow the tobacco plants in a blinding sunlight. Suddenly the sky is overcast, a shadow falls. Then the clouds disappear and the sun shines again upon plants dotted here and there with immense raindrops, raindrops peculiar to Cuba, as large as the largest pearls.

"These drops become burning glasses in the sunlight. The same as real lenses they concentrate the sun's heat and on the leaf beneath them the little specks that you venerate are burned. These little yellow specks indicate the tobacco's quality no more than freckles on a man's face indicate his ability.

"To choose cigars by their specks is as foolish as it would be to choose salesmen by their freckles."—Chicago Chronicle.

"Deprived of His See."

As an example of the ability of the juvenile scholar to evolve an unexpected meaning from his text, a correspondent relates that the following question was put to a history class: "What misfortune then happened to Bishop Odo?" The reply came quite readily, "He went blind." An explanation was demanded and the genius brought up the text book. "There, sir," triumphantly, "the book says so." The sentence indicated by an ink stained digit read, "Odo was deprived of his see."—London Spectator.

Where the Excitement Was.

"I don't suppose it's unnatural for me to be excited now that the hour for my marriage to the count approaches," said the bride. "I guess I'm the most excited person in town at this minute." "Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Nuritch, her mother. "Think how excited they must be over it in the newspaper offices." Catholic Standard and Times.

His Reception.

Young man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumleigh—Has she accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir. Old Grumleigh—Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?

Order.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.—Southey.

Insult and Repartee.

The difference between repartee and insult depends on whether you or the other man makes the remark.—Life.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

A PUGET SOUND NAME.

Puyallup and the Experience of the Man Responsible For It.

The name Puyallup is of Indian origin, as old as the memory of the white man. In "Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound" the author, Mr. Meeker, says that he accepts the odium of inflicting that name on suffering generations by putting a few blocks of kind into which to post and recording them under the name Puyallup. He mentions incidentally that he has suffered from it.

The first time I went east after the town was named and said to a friend in New York that our town was named Puyallup he seemed startled.

"Named what?"

"Puyallup," said I.

"That's a jawbreaker," came the response. "How do you spell it?"

"P-u-y-a-l-l-u-p," I said.

"Let me see, how did you say you pronounced it?"

Pouting out my lips like a veritable Siwash and emphasizing every letter and syllable so as to bring out the Peuw for Puy and the strong emphasis on the al and cracking my lips together to cut off the up, I finally drilled my friend so that he could pronounce the word, yet fell short of the elegance of the scientific pronunciation.

Then when I crossed the Atlantic and encountered the factors of the hop trade in London and was bidden as a guest to a dinner to introduce me to the assembled hop merchants, when I saw a troubled look overshadow the face of my friend who was to introduce me I knew what was troubling him, and my sympathy went out to him.

"Let me introduce to you my American friend from"—he began boldly and then hesitated—"my friend from America," he continued, and then turned to me with an imploring look and blurted out:

"I say, Mr. Meeker, I cawn't remember that name. What is it?"

But when letters begin to come to me addressed "Peuliope," "Polly-up," "Pull-all-up," "Pewl-a-loop" and finally "Pay-all-up," then my cup of sorrow was full. I am sure, however, that there will never be but one Puyallup.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When abusing a man in fun don't go too far.

Advice is like medicine—a little goes a long way.

The good things of life grow slow, but it is different with bills and scandal.

Time flies so fast as a man grows older that it seems to him he has his Sunday clothes on all the time.

People do things in broad daylight to make themselves ridiculous and then blame a paper for mentioning it.

You hear "He was one of the best men that ever lived" oftener than "He is one of the best men that ever lived."

Why is it that people who say disagreeable things to one's face are called honest and people who say pleasant things are called flatterers?—Atchison Globe.

Roses In the Snow.

It seems almost impossible that there should be a plant that flowers naturally outdoors in the depth of winter. But it is a fact. The Christmas rose answers this description. From the end of October until February its white flowers (about three inches across) may be gathered at almost any time, and even when the ground is covered with snow the Christmas rose is producing its flowers. We don't often see them in December and January because we never think of brushing off the snow to look at the plant that is growing underneath. The flowers are of a dazzling whiteness when young, but become faintly tinged with pink after about a week.—Country Life in America.

The Preparation.

William O'Brien in his "Recollections" tells this story of Dr. Coke, the archbishop of Cashel: "Once on one of his examinations of the children for confirmation the archbishop put to a little girl the question from the catechism, 'What is the preparation for matrimony?' The little one blushed and giggled and put the corner of her bib in her mouth by way of answer. The question was repeated. 'Oh, sure, your lordship knows it yourself,' was the timid reply. 'Yes, but you must tell me, my child. What is the preparation for matrimony?' 'Well, my lord, a little courting, of course,' at last came the reluctant answer from amid a rosary of blushes."

Declining a Present.

Sir Henry Irving made it a rule not to accept presents from strangers and was often hard pressed for sufficient excuses for declining. During the Russo-Japanese war a wealthy admirer of the great actor approached him with:

"Pardon me, Sir Henry, but I want to give you a present."

"What is it?" asked the actor.

"A Russian wolf-hound."

"I'm very sorry I can't accept it," replied Sir Henry, "but I'm a lover of peace, and I have a Japanese valet."

The Instinct.

All our progress is an unfolding like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason.—Emerson.

Misunderstood.

He—I have a sweet little home in which I would like to install you as its mistress. She—Indeed, sir, I'll go into no home on the installment plan.—Baltimore American.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

A MIRACLE OF NATURE.

The Wonderful Growth of the Antlers of the Moose.

Wapiti antler growth is one of the miracles of nature that we never cease to consider a miracle. About the end of winter—that is in March—the antlers of the year before break off flush with the base and inch or more above the skull. Usually they are found close together, showing that they fell nearly at the same time.

At first the place of each antler is a bloody raw spot. In a few days it shows a thick rounded pad or blood gorged skin. This swells rapidly, and in a fortnight the great bulbous fuzzy horn beginning has shot up to a height of several inches. At exactly the right time, place and in just the right direction a bump comes forth to be the foundation of the brow tine. In a few more days the tine is projected by the invisible architect. In a month the structure is nearly a foot high and all enveloped in a turgid mass of feverish, throbbing blood vessels—the scaffolding and workmen of this surprising structure. Night and day the work is pushed with astounding speed, and in four months this skyscraper is finished, a wonderful structure indeed, for a score of nature's forces have toiled, a myriad of invisible workmen have done their part, and an edifice that, according to ordinary rules, should have taken a lifetime is here rushed through in a summer and all in absolute silence.

August sees the building done, but it is still cluttered with scaffolding. The supplies of blood at the base are reduced and finally discontinued. The antler is no longer in vital touch with the animal. It begins to die. The sensitiveness leaves each part, the velvet covering soon dies, cracks and peels, and the stag assists the process of clearing off the skin by scraping his horns on the brushwood. September sees him fully armed, in his spears of dead bone, strong in body, glorying in his weapons and his strength and ready to battle with all comers.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

HONEY AS A FOOD.

It Is Nourishing and Saves Work For the Digestive Organs.

Honey, which is described as "one of nature's best foods," is the subject of a report by the Ontario department of agriculture. In this it is pointed out that it is only within the past few centuries that sugar has become known and only within the last generation that refined sugars have become so low in price that they may be commonly used in the poorest families. Formerly honey was the principal sweet, and it was highly valued 3,000 years before the first sugar refinery was built. "It would add greatly to the health of the present generation," it is declared, "if honey could be at least partially restored to its former place as a common article of diet."

Excessive use of sugar brings in its train a long list of ills. When sugar is taken into the stomach it cannot be assimilated until first changed by digestion into grape sugar. Only too often the overtaxed stomach fails properly to perform this digestion, and then come sour stomach and various phases of indigestion and dyspepsia. In the laboratory of the hive the honey has been fully prepared by the bees for prompt assimilation without taxing either stomach or the kidneys, so that in eating honey the digestive machinery is saved work and health is maintained.

Moreover, the same report says that "in many cases it will be a real economy to lessen the butter bill by letting honey in part take its place. One pound of honey will go as far as a pound of butter, and if both articles be of the same quality the honey will cost the less. Honey is strongly recommended for children, while for persons of all ages a pleasant and wholesome drink is called 'German honey tea.' This is made by pouring a teacupful of hot water on from one to two teaspoonfuls of honey."

Curious Wedding Customs In Turkey.

The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed both by law and custom and must not exceed a sum equal to $1,70 in United States currency. On no pretext can this amount be made greater or less, even though the parents be extremely poor or immensely wealthy. The wedding is invariably set for Thursday, the festivities beginning on the previous Monday and lasting four days. The merrymaking is carried on by the men and women separately, and each day is distinguished by a change in ceremonies. On no account will Turks allow spoons, forks, knives or wine on the table when celebrating a wedding.

Herbert Spencer.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace told Herbert Spencer's reason for living in a London boarding house with "rather a commonplace set of people—retired Indian officers and others;" "He said that he had purposely chosen such a home in order to avoid the mental excitement of too much interesting conversation, that he suffered greatly from insomnia and that he found that when his evenings were spent in commonplace conversation, learning the news of the day or taking part in a little music, he had a better chance of sleeping."

Daintily Expressed.

The author had been dragged fainting from a crowd of shoppers.

"Almost like my last book," he murmured, recovering his senses.

The listeners, being of delicate perception, knew then that the book had fallen dead from the press.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Men spend their lives in the service of their passions instead of employing their passions in the service of their life.—Steele.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts;
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

[illegible] Catholic.

[illegible] among the most striking [illegible] history. Ever [illegible] frontier be[illegible] Apparently [illegible] Carriage in this [illegible] up to the [illegible] the good [illegible] no [illegible] and [illegible] general change [illegible] some of the [illegible] Comparatively [illegible] Atlantic.

[illegible] Cautious.

[illegible] according [illegible] from [illegible] first opportunity [illegible] the [illegible] the discharge of [illegible] duties. In Lawson it's Feigh-it was decided that they should be "ordained on the morrow of All Souls by the chancellor, treasurer and other lords of the exchequer." The only instance of a female sheriff is that of Anne, countess of Pembroke, who on the death of her father, the Earl of Cumberland, without male heirs in 1643, succeeded to the office in Westmorland and attended the judges to Appleby.

Meekness.

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive, leading us to subdue our own passions and resentments as well as to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others.—Foster.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—[illegible] Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; F. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—F. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmer's Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. A. Ovitt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, Mt. D. Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

[illegible]

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lora Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagherty, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, T. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—H. F. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; d. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. L. Clute, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Wells.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 279, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BAUDER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m., preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches at the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.

For Larrabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:00 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains leave Smethport as

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:55 a m for Bradford via B R & P.
11:20 a m for Bradford via B. R. & K. and Buffalo via B R & P.
2:35 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Buffalo B R & P.
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & P.
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport as

8:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:15 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:45 p m from Bradford.
6:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

O. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 2nd, 1905.—Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday as follows: 7:40 a. m. and 12:00 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:30	[illegible]	6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:55	2:55	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00	[illegible]	4:05
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:31	11:26	5:05
	a. m.		

Arriving at Smethport at 8:20 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie R. R. & P. Ry and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BUCHAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Nov. 28, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	5:55	8:15	Hornellsville	Ar 10:50	5:50	
	6:00	8:20	Arkport	10:25	5:48	
			Burns			
	6:17	8:36	Hornellsville Jc	10:14	5:37	
	6:33	8:42	Canisteo	10:07	5:30	
	6:38	8:47	Greenwoods	10:02	5:25	
	7:10	9:00	Arkona	9:49	5:13	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	9:32	4:57	
	7:33	9:22	Angelica	9:26	4:53	
	8:22	10:2	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:50	10:35	Bolivar	17:05	3:20	
5:40		11:50	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			* Larrabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:02
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:10
9:50		1:25	St. Marys		A1:50	6:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:42	Rockwayville		1:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
8:00	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A10:55	3:02	6:58
8:30	11:26	7:35	Perkinsville	10:20	2:36	6:32
8:34	11:32	7:39	Rogersville	10:12	2:30	6:25
8:47	11:47	7:53	Stony Brook Glen	10:00	2:15	6:11
4:00	11:50	7:56	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:12	6:09
			Burns			
4:11	11:47	8:10	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:32	11:52	8:30	Hornellsville	Ar 9:41	2:10	6:01
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.

L—leave; A—arrive; †—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY.
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:55	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7:50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.16
7:49	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	0
7:40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7:37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.31
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.47	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.2
6.45	6.21	1.26	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.0
6.40	6.17	1.20	Coleburg	8.03	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.27
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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FROM THE GALLERY

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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They sat in the first row of the gallery. Now that the tumult of the rush was over the girl had time to take off her hat and smooth her rumpled hair. She was still breathless, and her cheeks were glowing. The man beside her turned and looked back triumphantly. "We did pretty well to get this far front," he said. "There's a whole lot of people back there standing up. It's always a packed house for an all star show."

"Yes," assented the girl vaguely. "You see, it's all so—so new and so strange. I've only been to the theater once before in my life. That was when Uncle Ben took me to see 'Shore Acres.' Oh, that was so real! I could almost believe it was true. Will this be like 'Shore Acres,' do you think?"

The man spread his programme out on his knee. "Well, no, not exactly," he answered. "This is 'Romeo and Juliet.' I ain't strong on Shakespeare myself, but I thought you might like to see it, Esther."

"Thank you, Mr. Stubbins," said the girl, with a grateful glance.

She was a pretty girl, fair haired and fragile—"peaked looking" was the way the people in her aunt's dingy east side boarding house described her when they spoke of her at all, for as errand girl, dish washer and general drudge Esther was not used to much consideration.

The boarders seldom noticed her. True, there had been the gawky art student who used to take delight in drawing her thin, delicate profile, and who always murmured "spirituelle" when she passed him the pickles, but until Mr. Stubbins came no one ever had given her so much as a kind word. He spoke to her when they met in the hall, and once he had taken her to walk in the park. It was after that that he had asked her to go to the theater.

When this piece of news spread among the boarders they exchanged significant glances, but when the play turned out to be "Romeo and Juliet" it

"ESTY," HE BEGAN, "I AIN'T MUCH AT LOVEMAKING."

seemed as if the climax had been reached. One of the married women sniffed reminiscently. "I remember me and Jim went years ago, when we were first engaged, and we held hands all during the last act."

"If you marry Mr. Stubbins you won't have to work so hard," said another of the boarders kindly.

Esther opened her brown eyes wide in an astonished glance. She had not thought of Mr. Stubbins as a means of escape. He was not an ideal lover. He was red faced and puffy, with unmanly large hands and feet. Still, as Esther acknowledged to herself, he was kind, kinder than any one else had ever been in all her life.

As for the play, the words of "Romeo and Juliet" meant nothing to her. She had never heard of that immortal tragedy of youth and love. But the thought of going to the theater was a wonderful rift in the gray of her existence.

When the great night arrived her fingers trembled so that she could hardly fasten her simple gown. Her aunt, kindled into kindness by the unexpectedness of the situation, helped her dress. "It will be a great thing for you, Esty," she said, "if Mr. Stubbins should ask you to marry him. Besides, you've got enough to do to look after myself without taking care of you. I hope you'll always remember how kind I've been to you, Esty, and how I've let you work for your board and given you a home. Now, don't sit staring, like a bump on a log, when he's talking to you, and don't have that faraway look in your eyes that you've got there this minute."

"Yes, aunt," said Esther, thinking more of the theater than of Mr. Stubbins.

And now at last she was there—inside the theater. The lights, the music, the sense of waiting for one knew not what—all were intoxicating. She hardly saw the hurrying ushers, the people taking their places. At length came the magic instant when the overture died to a whisper, the footlights shone luminously in the darkness and the great curtain rose slowly, giving to view a scene in Verona.

When it fell there was a thunder of applause, of which Esther seemed to hear only the echo. "Ah!" she breathed, with a little shiver, and in spite of her aunt's instructions that was the only word she spoke all the evening. Mr. Stubbins gave up all efforts at conversation and contented himself with gazing about the house or watching the flushed, rapt face of the girl beside him.

At length the final curtain fell. Mr Stubbins smiled at Esther. "Pretty good show that was," he observed genially.

His voice awakened Esther from her dream of romance to the actual present of boarding houses and drudgery. "Yes—oh, yes, Mr. Stubbins!" she said. The flush had left her cheek and she was very pale.

They spoke little on the way home. Esther was thinking of what she had seen. Mr. Stubbins was wondering which was the easiest and quickest way to propose.

On the steps of her aunt's boarding house they paused. The street was very still. The ugly rows of houses opposite were touched by moonlight—such moonlight as silvered the streets of Verona long ago. Mr. Stubbins cleared his throat. "Esty," he began, "I ain't much at lovemaking, like that Romeo fellow we saw this evening, but my business is doing well, and I'm thinking of settling down. You'd make a fine little housekeeper. I took to you from the first—you must have seen that—and—and I want you to marry me."

As Esther listened she had a fleeting vision of Romeo. How gracefully he had stood beneath that flower hung balcony, while Mr. Stubbins, red from the unwontedness of lovemaking, looked more awkward and florid than ever. She gave a little gasp—of pleasure, Mr Stubbins thought. He smiled benignantly. "Of course you're surprised," he said, "and it's only natural. But I mean what I say. You're lonely and I'm lonely. I'll give you a good home and you'll never be sorry for marrying me."

Esther made a quick, despairing gesture. "Wait, Mr. Stubbins!" she cried. "I haven't said that I'd marry you. And I can't say it, because I don't love you. Oh, I know you can't understand, but there are things a girl wants more than a home a thousand times over. I hope you're not angry with me, Mr. Stubbins, for you've always been so kind, and I'll never forget your taking me to see a play that showed me what love really means."

She vanished into the house, leaving the astonished Mr. Stubbins gazing at the doorsteps. "Well," he chuckled, "that beats all! A man's a fool to waste good money to take a girl to a show and then she goes and acts like that. I thought seeing Romeo would fix matters, but you never can depend on a woman, anyhow."

Afloat in a Coffin.

There is a queer story of a Dutch castaway. In the days when the island of St. Helena was an unpeopled waste, long before the coming of the great exile who made its name famous, a Dutch vessel, returning from the West Indies, cast anchor off its coast. In a short while a boat was lowered. The occupants, besides the crew, were a dead officer in a coffin and a downcast seaman in irons. This seaman for some offense against discipline had been condemned to death by the captain, but in consequence of an appeal for mercy signed by his messmates he was ordered to be marooned on this desolate island instead of being hung up to the yardarm. It is probable that even this grace would have been denied him but for the dead officer, for whose burial the ship put into harbor. The grave was duly dug, the officer buried, the crew departed and the ship weighed anchor. The Dutchman, on his side, lost no time. He opened the new made grave, dragged out the coffin, tumbled his dead superior out of it and carried it down to the shore, where, having launched his extemporized boat, he jumped in in a trice, and, using the lid as a paddle, quickly—thanks to a calm—overtook the departing ship. He was taken on board and pardoned in consideration of his pluck.

A Homesingle Island.

While island, the large gunnery establishment for training seamen of the British royal navy, is not a natural island. Years ago it was only a mud bank which was uncovered by water at low tide. When the authorities commenced to make the docks at Portsmouth the earth from the excavations was deposited from barges upon this mud bank, until a small island was formed, showing at high water about the size of a whale's back; hence its name. As the work proceeded the island grew rapidly, and a few years later a railway was constructed on piles from the dockyard works to the island, and the earth was deposited much more quickly than when barges were used. In 1860 this island had been made so large that the admiralty decided to lay it out as a drill ground. A small pier was erected and a house was built for a warrant officer to live in and act as caretaker of the island. At the present time the island is about thirty-seven acres in area and provides accommodation for over 1,800 men.—London Graphic.

Wonderful Work of a Watch.

In perfect running order the balance wheel of a timepiece makes 18,000 vibrations per hour. The number of miles a year the movement of a correctly adjusted balance wheel will equal is 8,558. To make this run less than one-tenth of a drop of oil is consumed. In order to keep a watch in proper condition it is advisable to have the timepiece thoroughly overhauled semiannually. The life of a watch is lengthened by having it "house cleaned" every six months.

OLD ROMAN WAYS.

Beauty Recipes, Perfumes, Toilets and Cruelty of the Women.

Women of ancient, luxurious Rome used to eat *parsley as a mouth cleanser*. Honey boiled in wine and aniseed was also a sweetener of the breath, and pastils of myrtle were employed for the same purpose. Silver tongs and knives were employed in caring for the nails. No woman of social eminence cut her own finger nails. Those who had not skilled slaves employed barbers. Perfection in these respects was one of the thirty beauties attributed to Helen of Troy. Great pains were bestowed on the feet, for it was considered that the breeding was betrayed by them as easily as by the hands. They were always much in evidence, the sandals worn not hiding them. Long, tapering fingers were highly prized. Various kinds of herb decoctions were employed to beautify the fingers. Pliny gives recipes for removing any undesired substances from the nails.

Asses' milk contributed to the whiteness of the women's skin. It was sometimes poured into the bath and the whole body laved in it, and sometimes the hands and face were sponged with it from a silver basin, the soft linen towel completing the process. The bath was delicately scented, and all kinds of washes and brightners were applied to it. It took many slaves to bring the tresses into the classic bands or high pyramidals which were the fashion at various times. Perfumes were not only applied to hair, hands, clothes and the person generally, but pervaded the rooms, which were hung with garlands and decorated with blooms of many kinds. The dresses of Roman matrons were made brilliant with various processes of pressing and smoothing, machines being employed for the purpose.

Though most refined in the duties of the toilet, the women of that day were barbaric in their cruelty. Woe be to the poor slave who failed to follow her mistress' command. She was whipped by the public flagellator if she did not fall a prey to the personal fury of her mistress, who would hurl at her victim the mirror or anything else at hand and would not disdain to pierce her tender flesh with the long, ever ready hairpin if nails, teeth and hands were not sufficient.—Chicago News.

FIRE AND AIR.

The Ancients Recognized the Intimate Relations Between Them.

The intimate relation between fire and air was early recognized. Seeing that experience showed that air was necessary for fire, the experiment of burning a candle in a closed vessel, now so familiar to every schoolboy, is a very old one, and the influence of a blast of air on a furnace had been probably noticed from a very remote period. By some it was affirmed to be the food of fire, while by others the same belief was embodied in the phrase, "Air nourishes fire."

Again, it was long ago observed that alter, a substance well known to the chemical philosophers of the past, could produce intense ignition. It was hence inferred that since alter possessed this property, it necessarily followed that the two substances resembled each other in composition. According to Robert Boyle, the air contained "volatile nitre," while Lord Bacon held that air contained a "volatile, grateful and windy spirit," and thunder and lightning were supposed to be due to the presence of minute particles of nitre diffused through air.

The important bearing of such observations is due to the fact that oxygen gas, which is one of the chief constituents of air, and the one to which it owes its power of supporting combustion, also forms the largest elementary constituent of alter and is likewise the source of the power possessed by that body of supporting combustion.

The action of heat on metals in causing them to lose their metallic lustre had also not escaped notice, and Cardan, a philosopher who lived during the sixteenth century, in noticing the increase in weight that lead undergoes when heated in air, attributed it to the gas in the air, which feeds flame and which resembles a body presenting an ignited point.

A Cautious Scot.

A Scotsman went to an English race meeting and boldly staked a sovereign. Strangely enough, the horse he backed proved a winner, and he went to the "bookie" to claim his winnings. The sporting man begrudgingly handed him 5 sovereigns. He looked at each one very carefully before placing it in his pocketbook. "Well," said the "bookie," with a snarl, "are you afraid they're bad?"

"Oh, no," said the Scotsman, "but I was just lookin' to mak' sure the bad yin I gie'd ye wisna among them!"

She Knew Him.

Bigley—Good fellows are scarce. I know only two men whom I can really call my very good friends. Miss Peppery—Yes? And what is the other man's name, Mr. Bigley?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Inconsistent.

"Who are your best patients, doctor?" was asked.

"The people who are always contending that life isn't worth living," replied the doctor without the slightest hesitation.—Philadelphia Record.

The Bright Side.

"I don't see how I could possibly be any worse off than I am, sir."

"Then cheer up. You've got nothing further to worry about."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal whatsoever in which the most ignorant were not the most violent, for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

Cupid, Medical Assistant

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

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Dick Fremont was in an unromantic state of mind. A little Cupid, which was holding a finger to his lips and gazing at him from the top of an inkstand on a table by his side, seemed to warn him that he had been physically exhausting himself lately. He had been working too hard. At present he had pains all over his body. His tongue was distinctly discolored, and his pulse was weak. His head was throbbing, and there was scarcely a portion of his body which did not ache. Loss of time meant loss of money to him, for he wrote for a living. If he did not work he was perfectly aware that some one else would get ahead of him. Not that he had easily given up, but the task of putting words together had proved in his present condition as hard as carving blocks of stone.

In his extremity he thought of a doctor. Of all medical men he had a horror. At the moment, however, there seemed to be no excuse for not con-

"WHY, MAY—MISS MONTGOMERY—YOU?"

sulting his aversion, so he dispatched a boy with orders to bring the nearest medical practitioner in a hurry.

He had made a heroic effort to forestall any aid from such a source. On the table near by were bottles of all sizes and shapes, containing nearly every advertised patent medicine which he thought suited to his peculiar complaint. He had partaken of them all with much the same result as if he had drunk a "fizzing" concoction. At last he had given up all hope of successful self treatment and resigned himself to a dubitative trial of "kill or cure" at the hands of a doctor.

The little Cupid attracted his eyes to a photograph lying close to his hand. He took it up, looked at it earnestly and meditated. Just as he was about to press it to his lips a knock came at the door. He said wearily, "Come in!" and a woman's voice responded:

"Pardon me, but are you the gentleman who sent for a doctor? The boy who called me said you lived on the third floor, but I did not quite catch the name he mentioned."

The tones of the voice seemed familiar to Dick. He hastily hid the photograph he had in his hand behind the pillow on his chair and looked up at his visitor.

"Why, May—Miss Montgomery—you?"

With a blush the woman he addressed turned as if to go away.

"It must have been a mistake," she began, when he interrupted her.

"No, no! Please come in!"

She hesitated and then, closing the door, looked at him.

There was a pause, and neither spoke. Then Dick said, in a half whisper, "Are you a—a doctor?"

"I am," she replied, with a smile, "but I don't think you meant to send for me."

"Well"—he hesitated—"I'm glad to see my doctor."

"Thank you!"

She almost laughed at the doubtful compliment.

"No! I don't mean that. I—I really had no idea of seeing you. I told the bellboy to go for the nearest doctor, and I never thought"—

"To see me? No; I suppose not. You didn't know I had taken my degree. Of course not. I don't suppose my affairs interested you after"—

"After our quarrel? Oh, yes, they did, I assure you"—

She stopped him with a glance.

"You do look sick," said she, "really sick, and" [illegible] "what are you going to do for your [illegible]"

"[illegible]? A little [illegible]" with a laugh as she [illegible] several bottles, one after the [illegible] examined them.

"Tut, tut, the drops! Paregoric! Dear me, you must have a complication of ailments!"

"I suppose I have," he wearily assented. "I've tried them all, and I'm not a bit better!"

She burst out laughing. Then she came a little nearer to him and said, hesitating, "Let me feel your pulse."

He put his hand in hers. His pulse was beating at fever heat. She counted minutes, then touching him on the shoulder gently pressed his body forward and placed her ear to his back. As she did so the pillow fell down, revealing the hidden picture. She started as she saw her own photograph. Then, with a quite smile, she said, "Are you in pain?"

"Awful!" he replied, pressing his heart.

She winced and turned toward the mantelpiece. There, staring her in the face, was another photograph of herself. She turned and looked at him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I really believe you still"—

"Yes," he replied, looking straight into her eyes, "I do still care for you. Won't you forgive me for my share in that silly quarrel we had two years ago?"—

She made no reply as he hesitated.

"Ah, say 'yes!'" and he tried to rise, but sank back with an expression of pain.

"Don't get up," she said gently. "You are too sick!"

"Can't you help me?"

She smiled. "I think I can."

She took out her prescription book and wrote on a leaf.

"Here is a prescription which"—

"Oh, bless the medicine! I don't want that. If you only"—

"Will you take it? See what it is!"

"Oh, I can't read doctors' hieroglyphics. I mean I don't understand Latin."

She handed him the slip of paper. He took it and carelessly scanned what she had written, which was merely her name—"May Montgomery."

"Will I take it?" he almost shouted. "Will you give it to me?"

She nodded her head.

The cure was complete.

Startled the Rector.

The rector, returning from his holiday, heard that a parishioner had "lost his old Betty" and at once hurried off to console him.

"I'm grieved to hear of your loss, Giles," he began.

"Oh, well, sir, thankee," replied Giles, "it's a pity, of course, but she was a rare lazy jade. She would never do anything unless she was well thrashed."

"Tut, tut! dear me!"—

"It's true, sir. She was a bad bargain. Thank goodness, the fair's next week, and I'll pick up a better one there, I hope, if I don't get suited before."

"But don't you think, even for appearances' sake, you had better wait a little longer?" urged the clergyman, getting rather annoyed at his tone.

"Oh, no," responded Giles. "I've had my eye on one for some little time, and what I get for Betty's skin will go toward it. I tell 'ee what, sir, I wouldn't mind having one of your young uns, if you're agreeable."

"I won't stop to hear another word of such abominable talk," said the disgusted rector. "There wasn't a better woman in the village than your wife Betty."

"Wife! Who's talking about my wife?" said the astonished Giles. "I'm talking about my old mare that died yesterday."—London Globe.

The Properties of Cocaine.

Travelers in Peru and countries where cocoa grows chew the leaves of this plant for the purpose of allaying the sense of hunger and the feeling of exhaustion that accompanies it. At first the leaves were thought to possess food elements, but now it is known that the cocaine they contain merely allays the irritability of the nerves that produce the sense of hunger. Cocaine is an alkaloid, made from the cocoa leaf, which has the effect of completely destroying the sensibility of nerves. The discovery of this active principle of the cocoa leaf explained fully and satisfactorily the effect produced by chewing the leaves. An infusion of the leaf might be used with good results in allaying the gnawing appetite that follows some forms of fever or in cases where the sense of hunger is due to a diseased condition of the stomach. Cocaine should never be used except on the prescription of a trustworthy physician, because it is dangerous. The cocaine habit is more readily formed than either the morphine or the liquor habit and is far more rapid in its work of destruction.

Asked and Answered.

In the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins" (Lord Brampton) a story is told concerning Jack, the pet terrier which always accompanied the famous judge wherever he went.

On one occasion, when on circuit and driving to the cathedral of a certain city for the preliminary religious service, Jack sat beside his master in the sheriff's coach. The sheriff and his chaplain, a most solemn looking, ascetic high churchman, occupied the opposite seat.

His lordship in relating the story says that the chaplain eyed the dog for a long time with great uneasiness. Then, as they neared the cathedral, he seemed to get alarmed and, in a state of great agitation, stammeringly said:

"My lord, may I—ah—or—ask if the dog is going to divine service?"

"Well, I don't know," replied his lordship. "I shall ask him. Jack, would you like to go to church?"

Jack growled and lifted his head to howl.

"No," went on the judge. "Jack says that he doesn't like dry sermons."

"Perfect Lemonade."

Perfect lemonade is made as follows: For a quart take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. Carefully peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside. Cut this into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which use two ounces to the quart in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is just at the boiling point pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let get cold. Try this way once and see if it is not delicious.

AN AFRICAN FOREST.

Peculiar Effects Produced by Wind, Sunlight and Shadow.

An explorer describes a central African forest: "Ten miles west of the lake begins the only piece of real virgin forest met with. It is throughout a dense virgin forest and almost impenetrable. It consists of very large trees of many varieties. The upper parts are festooned with a light grayish green moss hanging in long streamers and giving to the forest a very fantastic appearance. When these long streamers are agitated by a storm they make the whole forest, seen from one of the hills near, look like a rough sea. Again, when the sun is vertical the whole forest appears dark, but when the sun is low the general effect on the sunny side is curiously light.

"All the trees are bound together with innumerable lianas and creeping plants. Between the stems is a dense tangled mass of lesser vegetation. The forest stands to a great extent in the water and mud of the swamp. A singular feature of it is the abruptness with which it begins and ceases on the plain. The grassy swamp or open country reaches to the mighty wall of trees, which continue in the same density from one side to the other. There is no smaller wood or scrub outside forming a transition from the open plain to the forest.

"Inside, the silence and gloom are accentuated by the apparent absence of animal or bird life. There are some herds of buffaloes that make it a headquarters, elephants visit it occasionally, monkeys and parrots are sometimes seen, and a harnessed antelope now and then appears at the edge, but the general impression left is one of lifelessness."

THE HORNBILL.

A Bird That Imprisons His Mate During the Brooding Season.

A remarkable mode of incarceration is practiced by the hornbills, birds with immense bills and horny crests, which inhabit southern Asia, the Malayan islands and central and southern Africa. In most if not all species the brooding female is walled up in a hollow tree and fed by her mate.

She remains confined in her prison until the eggs are hatched, and in some species until the young birds are able to fly. Meanwhile the mother has become temporarily incapable of flight, as she has molted, or at least shed all her wing feathers, during her captivity. But the male is indefatigable in providing for his family and is said to work so hard that he is reduced almost to a skeleton at the end of the brooding season.

According to the theory of many natives, the female is imprisoned to prevent her neglecting her duty of brooding, and if she has been unfaithful or negligent her mate closes the little window of her cell and abandons her to a painful death by suffocation. The true story, perhaps, is this: The female walls herself in so that she cannot fall from the nest after losing her feathers and also to protect herself from enemies. The building material is her own excrement. This version is less poetical than the other, but it is probably nearer the truth. It is supported by the statement that the female liberates herself as soon as the young birds are well grown, so that her prison is less formidable than it appears.—Scientific American.

Origin of Italics.

Italic letters were first used about the year 1500 by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer. He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of abbreviations which were then so frequent among the printers that a book was difficult to understand. A treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book and thus addressed to the learned. By introducing the italic letter he contrived an expedient by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. He dedicated his invention to the Italian states; hence the name. It has also been distinguished by the name of the inventor and called the Aldine. The first book printed in Italics was an edition of "Virgil" printed at Venice by Aldus in 1501.

The Traitors' Gate.

One of the most famous entrances in the world is doubtless the ancient Traitors' gate in the Tower of London. It was through this portal for several centuries that traitors were conducted from the shores of the river Thames into the tower. To Americans probably the most familiar of these unfortunates was Sir Walter Raleigh. Today a pathway passes directly in front of the gate, completely cutting it off, and from this pathway the famous wicket gate is gazed upon by many thousands of visitors.

The Result.

"Women are naturally more artistic than men."

"Yes," answered the matter of fact person; "that's why so many of us look funny when we wear our Christmas neckties and smoking jackets. Our wives want us to look artistic."—Washington Star.

For Immediate Use.

Little Girl—I want to get a mitten, please, an' charge it to me mother. Shopkeeper—A mitten? You mean a pair of mittens, sissy. Little Girl—No; jest only one; one that's suitable for a boy that's goin' to propose an' be rejected.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prepared.

Johnny—Come in. Sister's expectin' you. Mr. Stoplate—How do you know? Johnny—She's been sleepin' all day.—Exchange.

Beauty is part of the finished language which goodness speaks.—Eliot.

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Lady Moon

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Outside the stately old mansion the press of carriages was growing almost unmanageable. Within the ripple of soft laughter and waving of many fans, the glitter and glow of diamonds bespoke the fact that Lady Cheyenmore had thrown open Little Barrington House for the celebrated tableaux of which all London had been talking for the week past.

The greatest beauties of the season were to pose, well known artists had consented to arrange and drape their lovely models, and "everybody" was there.

Near the door, a little out of the crush, Nigel Anstruther stood and looked about him with the eyes of the man to whom London sights have been strange for the last six years. He was a little amused and a little bored. Society functions were not much in his line. Just back from India on leave, he had run up to town to see one or two old friends, and Honoria Derwentwater, having no spare moment to grant him from her other guests, had suggested his coming on to Lady Cheyenmore's.

It was rather a nuisance, but he wanted to get back to the country next morning if possible. And, after all, the color, the lights, the pretty women were not so bad. Presently he must find Honoria and ask the question that this afternoon's crowd had rendered impossible to put. It was expected of him, he supposed. His people had always hoped for it. And then all at once, by a sudden freak of the imagination, as he glanced about for the fair English face there rose before him the laughing, mischievous eyes of the little American girl who had teased, bewildered and thoroughly enchanted him during those few brief weeks in Simla. Where was she now?

Involuntarily his thoughts wandered back to the day when he had seen her first, dainty and sweet in fluffy white, sitting under a marquee at the viceroy's reception. She seemed such a little thing that he started in surprise when she complained of being unable to secure a really good riding horse. The hands she held out for inspection were absurdly small. Still doubtful, he had yet managed to get for her the best woman's mount to be had in Simla. But the first minute she was up his misgivings vanished. She certainly could ride.

After that every day they were out together exploring the hills, trotting gayly over the smooth, hard roads. Mrs. Wharton, only too glad that Ethel had found some one to go with her, consenting willingly. And every day Anstruther's admiration deepened. If there was one thing he approved most it was a good seat.

The girl's father was dead, and she and her mother, a frail but indomitable spirited woman, were leisurely seeing the world. After stilling in Bombay, they had run up to Simla for the breezes and lingered on, pleased with the queer little town and the Anglo-Indian life. It was quite gay at that season. Simla was full, and every day there were dinners, luncheons, teas and picnics.

Would Anstruther ever forget the moonlight picnic he gave? The night had been glorious. Under the soft glow of an Indian moon the hills lay mistily radiant, every leaf on the deodars seeming to stand out with vivid life. Ethel, Wharton and Anstruther with several others had gone on horseback, the rest of the party in rickshaws with coolies to carry the provisions. The picnic had been a great success. And then came the ride home. By a mutual though unspoken impulse Anstruther and Ethel had dropped back of the others. Both were conscious of a certain exaltation of mood, a vague excitement due to the influence of the moon—perhaps. Gradually their talk, at first animated and quick, slackened to monosyllables and at last died away.

For several moments they rode on in silence; then, as if oppressed by the stillness, the girl began to sing. To music of her own she had set some words by George MacDonald: "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving? Over the sea. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving? All who love me."

Anstruther, listening, was aware of a sudden pang. Was she going over the sea? Would she be going home?

"Lady Moon," he began unsteadily. "Ah, that is you! so white, so fair, so perfect! And you, too, will pass from us! What shall we do without your light?"

The girl glanced at him quickly. "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?" she hummed. Anstruther, his heart suddenly beating fast, leaned forward.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded tensely. "Do you love those who love you? For you know that I, Ethel"—as something in the girl's face made his pulses leap. But the great crimson waves flooding up over brow and cheek, she touched her horse smartly.

"Come," she said breathlessly, "I'll race you home.

Anstruther went back that night to his quarters, a glad exultation tingling through every vein. She cared, he was sure she cared.

And then the sight of a long, official looking envelope on his table for a moment drove every other thought from his mind. His orders were to report at once. There had been a sharp uprising in the hills. He must take his regiment out without delay, nor could he tell how long his absence might be. With barely time to fling a few necessaries into his kit bag and scratch a hasty note to Miss Wharton he was off.

Three weeks later, returning, tired, bronzed and eager, the first thing to meet his eyes was the note still lying where the forgetful boy had left it. And Miss Wharton and her mother were gone. Ten days ago they had left, he was told. There was no clew by which to follow them; no one knew whither they had departed.

Anstruther, torturing himself with vain imaginings as to what she must have thought of him, nearly went mad. He could hardly sleep. The man grew nervous, irritable, until even the colonel noticed it and recommended a trip home. As a consequence Anstruther now stood in Lady Cheyenmore's drawing room and, indifferent to what became of him, waited to ask Honoria Derwentwater to be his wife. After all he had always known Honoria. Probably they would get on as well as most married couples. And the dad would be pleased.

There was a sudden ripple of talk at his side. "Here is the next. What, you have not met her yet? My dear, she is the beauty this season. Just wait and you will see."

Anstruther listened with his tolerant smile. He must try to reach Honoria. But as he stirred all at once the lights were lowered, and he, perforce, halted. Well, he could wait until the tableau was over. A faint curiosity, too, was awakened by what he caught from his neighbors. Who was this new beauty? And then he started violently. From the piano came a few bars of prelude oddly familiar. The curtain rose, and the picture stood revealed. In the quick upsurge of applause Anstruther's sharp exclamation escaped unnoticed. There, unrobed in long, clinging draperies, her lovely hair unbound, one arm thrown negligently up behind the small head, rested his lady, a huge silver crescent seeming to bear her through limitless space. Her face was lifted. Her eyes gazed wistfully into the distance.

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?" sang the famous soprano, but Anstruther hardly heard. His breath was coming with difficulty; his heart was pounding. So she had not forgotten! Lady Moon, oh, Lady Moon!

As the curtain dropped he turned to the man next him, whom luckily he chanced to have met.

"Is it Miss Wharton, is it not?" he asked, and as the other nodded a quick gratitude welled up within him. Thank heaven, he was not too late! "Won't you take me back?" he demanded. "It's all right," in answer to a look of surprise. "We—we are old friends. I used to know her in India, and—and there is something I ought to tell her."

The Diplomatic Clerk.

"Henry, you haven't a room left, have you?" inquired a New York drummer of his friend of many years' standing on the other side of the counter of the Chicago hotel.

"Not one," replied Henry, "but I'll look over the rack again and see if I can't find you a place somewhere."

"All right," said the New Yorker while his friend gave the slips his anxious attention. Light broke over his face in a moment, and he came back.

"A man up on the parlor floor gave up his room about an hour ago, but he didn't expect to leave it quite so soon. I'll send up and see if I can't hurry him a little."

The porter's bell was rung, a whispered colloquy took place between Henry and that blue shirted functionary, and in fifteen minutes the man from New York was rejoicing in one of "the best rooms in the house."

But the clerk omitted to inform him that the previous occupant had given up his room at the precise moment when he had given up his life.

Origin of Two Tavern Terms.

The term "entire," so often seen over inns and taverns in England and not always understood by the passerby, is said to have first been used about 1722. Prior to that date the malt liquors in general use were ale, beer and "twopenny." It was usual for tavern customers to call for a pint or tankard of half and half—that is, half ale and half beer, half ale and half twopenny or half beer and half twopenny. In course of time it became customary to call for a tankard of "three threads," meaning a third of ale, beer and twopenny. To save publicans the trouble and waste of turning three taps for one pint of liquor a brewer named Harwood conceived the idea of making a beverage which should unite the flavors of all three drinks. He called his production "entire," or "entire butt beer." As it was considered suitable for porters and other working people, it is said to have obtained the further name of "porter."—London News.

Conkling and Thurman.

Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an impassioned manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then, with an air of exquisite courtesy, he replied:

"When I speak of the law I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Mussulman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman eye moistened a little. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."

A Dodger.

"What started old Pinchapenny to studying occult science?"

"He wants to cultivate a new sense so he can see a bill collector through a brick wall."—Detroit Free Press.

Where to Get It.

"A simple look is all I crave," said the sentimental young man to the heiress.

"Then you'd better consult your mirror," she replied tartly.

The hatred of the vicious will do you less harm than their conversation.—Bentley.

OLD STORIES.

An Illustration of the Way They Reappear at Intervals.

Old stories seem to reappear at intervals like comets and like questions in "Notes and Queries." There is a story in "Charles O'Malley" about a lively young French friend of the hero. He is in attendance on Napoleon at Fontainebleau or St. Cloud. One moonlight night he is playing leapfrog in the gardens with other young officers and, coming round a corner in a walk, he sees a figure stooping, "giving a back." He "overs" the figure, and it is not one of his playmates, but the angry emperor. There is a picture of the scene by H. K. Browne in early editions of the amusing book—the best book, I think, of Lever's.

Now, did Lever invent that story or did he hear it as a true anecdote in conversation or did the wife of Marshal Junot, the Duchesse d'Abrantes, crib it from Lever and introduce it into her memoirs (Vol. III., page 307)? The last conjecture is very improbable. Napoleon was at Malmaison; his court was young and lively and fond of acting plays. The best actress was Queen Hortense, the best actor was Isabey, the celebrated portrait painter. But poor Isabey ceased to be a member of the company; like the serpent, he was shut out from paradise for the following reason: Napoleon, the first consul, was very slim; he grew very fat later, in spite of constant exercise. He usually wore the uniform of the Guides, of which Eugene de Beauharnais was colonel. One day in a gallery at Malmaison Napoleon, who was alone, stooped to examine some engravings in a portfolio. Isabey, coming from the private theater, entered the gallery by another door and saw a short, slim, epauletted figure stooping, a figure in the uniform of the Guides. He was very intimate with Eugene de Beauharnais, whom he supposed that he saw before him. Creeping up like a cat, the painter leaped and landed on the shoulders of the first consul. Napoleon supposed that the roof was falling, or that the little Red Man, his phantom attendant, was strangling him.

"What means this pleasantry?"

"I thought it was Eugene."

"And if it had been Eugene, why should you break his shoulders?" said Bonaparte, obviously remembering the end of another old anecdote: "If it had been John, why need you hit so hard?" The end of it was that Isabey left the acting company. Antonio Moro found it wiser, they say, to fly from Spain after replying by a practical joke to a familiarity of Philip II. of Spain. But Philip was a stiff, unbending king; the first consul's shoulders were not yet anointed.—Andrew Lang in London Illustrated News.

England's Former Enemies.

The three greatest potentates of western times have been England's strenuous antagonists—viz. Philip II., Louis XIV. and Napoleon. Of those three Napoleon was the most powerful, Philip the most deadly. The leaders under whom the English rallied against these world famous invaders were: First, Elizabeth and Drake; second, William and Marlborough; third, Pitt and Nelson. The result of the first of these great historic duels was to overturn the foundations of Spanish empire, with its dominion over the seas, its vast colonial possessions, its claim under a papal bull to an exclusive monopoly of the New World. The result of the second was to give it which should be the residuary legatee of the deceased Spanish power, France or England, giving to England the succession to its old, world delighting, France, its trades, maritime supremacy and colonies exclusive England. The result of the third was to shatter Napoleon's hopes of universal empire by sea and to force him back on continental conquests, upon projects which related to the old world and not to the new. Without Nelson did not Europe owe that emancipation which England's part in the later wars of Napoleon was that, having at first failed to arrest his crushing wars, saved herself by her energy she saved Europe by her example and assistance.—Blackwood's Magazine.

"Polished Rice."

The rice that comes on the American table looks pearly; the grains seem all polished together instead of being distinct pellets. The trouble (sometimes due to the cooking) is usually explained by the statement that our rice is of inferior quality, though there is no better rice in the world than our Louisiana and Texas article; the grains are large, firm and nutty. The fact is, our public won't buy any rice unless the grains shine and glisten. Consequently the first thing the miller does is to put his rice crop through a course of polishing, by which the covering of the kernel, and at the same time the most nutritive part, is rubbed off. The result is that he gets a beautiful, almost sparkling grain, which sells well, but, inasmuch as the covering has been removed, the grains when cooked lose their identity and become a mush. "Polished rice" is a peculiarity of America. The public can procure the unpolished rice if they will insist on the grocer getting it for them, for "polishing" is an extra process which the miller will be glad to abandon.—Country Life in America.

The Supreme Test.

"You say that you would do anything on earth for me?" the fair girl asked, looking into his earnest eyes.

"Anything, darling!" he whispered passionately.

"After we were married would you go shopping with me?" she continued.

With a groan of anguish he turned away, and she, sobbing, hid her face among the pillows. In the supreme test he had failed.—Judge.

A Poor Trade.

"Yes," said the African chieftain pleasantly, "I gave eight mules for my wife, and I must say that I got badly bunkoed."

"So?"

"That's what. It was found a case of swapping eight for one."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Causes of Shipwreck.

"As a representative of one of the insurance underwriters I have taken part in the investigations of more than 400 shipwrecks," said a former sea captain. "The causes of wrecks are drink, fogs, neglect to use the sounding lead and unknown currents.

"The most dangerous waters are off the east coast of England, Cape Ushant and Cape Finisterre. In the past the shifting of the cargo caused a good many wrecks, but the adoption of feed pipes has changed all that. Cargoes, liable to shift consist of wheat, iron ore, coal and so on. Great feed pipes filled with part of such cargoes now run down into the hold, and if the cargo shifts at all the pipes automatically pour more cargo into the space that has been made vacant.

"Off a wild part of the South American coast a four master loaded with high heeled French shoes was once wrecked. The native Indians stole the shoes, but couldn't wear them. They used them instead for boxing gloves, giving each other terrific taps with the French heels."

When the State Fixed Hotel Prices.

Before, during and for a time after the Revolutionary war the courts of the commonwealth used to fix the prices of tavern board and liquor, so when the sojourning stranger from afar struck Richmond he could pretty nearly know what "horse feed and breakfast" cost. There was also an assize of bread as well as of drink. The price of bread was regulated by the price of wheat. A fourpenny white loaf, a twopenny white loaf, a fourpenny brick loaf and a fourpenny brown loaf had each to weigh so much, according as they had other ingredients mixed with flour. In those days a "Boston biscuit" costing 1 cent had to weigh six ounces and two drams, and so on. The connection between a loaf of bread and sixty pounds of wheat at so much per bushel has grown beyond the grasp of the modern mind. However, in the old time in Virginia the custom of regulating the price, or, rather, the weight, of a loaf of bread by the price of the wheat of which it was made was universal as far as Honor was concerned, the courts used to fix not only the price of a single drink, a quart, or a gallon of the stuff, but also a gerum of punch.—Richmond Dispatch.

When Friends Are Enemies.

"One of our greatest troubles is to prevent patients from being killed by kindness," said a trained nurse in one of the public hospitals. "On visiting days, when relatives or friends are admitted, we have to keep close to exercise extreme vigilance. The amount of improper, even dangerous, food which one ablebodied relative can smuggle in under cover of a satchel or a voluminous cloak is almost incredible.

"Only a few weeks ago I captured and carried away from the bed of a convalescent typhoid case a pasteboard box containing two big green pickles and a piece of exceptionally rich cocoanut cake. It was the boy's mother who brought the dainties, and presumably she did not wish to shorten her son's days in the land.

"This sort of thing is of frequent occurrence in a hospital. It is strangely illustrative of how little the average man or woman understands the delicate mechanism of the stomach and stomachic disease."—New York Press.

The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern was 680 feet long, 83 feet beam, 28 feet draft when loaded, 23,000 tonnage, paddle engines, 1,000 horsepower nominal; screw engines, 1,760 horsepower nominal. She was commenced to be built at Millwall in the spring of 1854 and was launched after many difficulties on Jan. 30, 1858. The history of the Great Eastern was from the first financially an unfortunate one. She made several voyages to the United States at a great loss to her owners, but in 1865 and 1866 she somewhat redeemed her character by successfully laying the Atlantic cable. Subsequently, owing to her vast size, she was instrumental in laying most of the important cables across the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, through the Red sea, etc. In 1888 she was sold at auction in Liverpool to be broken up, bringing the sum of $28,720.—London Globe.

The Human Body's Tireless Organs.

Man has within him a stationary engine called his heart, which, with its veins and arteries, constitutes a perfect system of hydraulics, compared with which man's best work is clumsy, intricate and wasteful. The lungs are a working bellows, the most perfect method of sanitary ventilation. The stomach is a working vat of marvelous perfection. The brain is a wondrous condenser, and the skin is a great working evaporator, with reserve automatic appliances, ready for extra work in moments of need. All these are in action at all times, day and night, tireless, unceasing, self winding and repairing, for seventy years or more.

Dramatic Deaths.

What is a dramatic death? Of course the most dramatic death ever recorded was that of Placut, who dropped dead while paying a bill. Then there was the death of Fabius, who was choked by a hair in some milk; that of Louis VI., who met his doom because a pig ran under his horse and caused him to stumble; that of Saufeius, who was poisoned by the albumen in a soft boiled egg, and that of Zeuxis, who died from laughter at sight of a hag he had painted.

Her Feet Too.

"That new saleslady," said the blond at the ribbon counter, "has false hair and teeth."

"Yes," replied the brunette, who condescended to sell handkerchiefs occasionally, "and it seems that's not the only thing. I heard her complaining that she hadn't had a chance to get off her feet all day."

A Sad Feature.

Jack—Engagement is off, eh? Has she sent him back the ring? Tom—No; that's what's bothering him. He owes money on that ring.—New York Press.

Cormorants.

Cormorants are far the largest and most striking in appearance of our common English sea fowl. A male cormorant is a grand long and very strong and heavy, and, though more quaint than beautiful, whether flying, diving or sitting on the rocks or buoys, it is a far more interesting creature than the sea gull—a wonderful instance of adaptation of form to special needs and of permanence of type enduring from remote ages, for the fossil cormorant hardly differs from those which are now fishing from the cliffs in which their petrified ancestors are imbedded. Our common "great black cormorant" is not only the most representative type of his family, but a link with the inhabitants of the shallow seas of both the old and new worlds. He is found throughout Europe, in north Africa, Egypt and the greater part of Asia; in eastern North America and, a little changed by distance, in New Zealand and Australia. Lastly he is the only bird except the hawks and falcons which is trained to assist man in the capture of living prey, and in this vocation he is of all birds, by sense, memory and affection, incomparably the best.—London Spectator.

The Wiles of Beasts of Prey.

The panther on the plains of Patagonia gets as near a herd of guanacos as it can, then lies down behind a bush on its back. It puts one paw up in the air, then another, then the third and fourth and after a bit all four at once. That seems curious to the guanacos and they come close to investigate. Up jumps the panther and lights on the nearest one's back and breaks its neck. A fox up in Nova Scotia comes down to the bay of Fundy and goes jumping along the beach a couple of rods and back again, rising on its hind legs at each about face and waving its big tail in the air. The little flock of four or five Canada geese out on the water begin to wonder what can be the matter with the fox. They swim up into the shallow water to investigate, when in dashes the fox and grabs one by the neck. The men have taken advantage of this trick and have trained dogs to do as the fox does. For lack of a dog men themselves have applied also on their hands and knees to attract the birds.

The Wonders of Transposition.

The word "time" admits of a very peculiar arrangement of its letters. The four letters of the word transpose and read backward and forward and up and down give four perfect English and Latin words. It is said to be the only word in our language that will admit of so many transpositions and arrangements. Note the oddity of the square below:

T I M E
I T E M
M E T E
E M I T

The above words in English as well as in Latin are all complete, and the curious part of it is that reading them backward and forward and up and down gives the same result that transposing the letters in the original word does. Their signification as Latin words is as follows: Time, fear thou; item, likewise; meti, to be measured; emit, he buys.

Curious Facts About the Eye.

A very curious fact is the impossibility of moving your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face. Yet if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eye while watching it you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth of an inch. Of course if you look at the reflection of the nose or any other part of your face your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavor to perceive the motion the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression as seen by himself in a glass is quite different from what it is when seen by others.

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EVEN IF THE BIG ADS. ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it, giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and dispensing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

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BRADFORD, PA.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estates of both Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza H. Garrett, late of Norwich township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to either of said estates will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against either of said estates will present the same to

FRED W. BROWNELL, Administrator, etc.
Postoffice address Smethport, Pa.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of February, A. D. 1906, the Smethport Extract Company filed in the court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean its petition praying for a decree of dissolution has been fixed by said court for the 2nd day of March, 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m. when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petition if they so desire.

GALLUP & BOUTON, Solicitors.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 9, 1906.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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E. L. Keeler,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

M. S. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
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All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

D. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War, claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
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Calls answered promptly day or night.
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John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, M. D., C. M., F. T.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's barber shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop.
Main Street Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been refitted and refurnished. The table is constantly supplied with the best market affords. First class in respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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